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EARL RUSSELL'S EXPLANATIONS.

It is a great thing, of course, to be Minister of a free and enlightened nation; but the freedom and enlightenment bear hardly on the Minister when they demand explanations of the way in which he is carrying on the Government. If he could only shroud himself and remain shrouded in the magnificent silence which is the privilege of statesmen in despotic countries; if he could only be permitted to nod like Lord Burleigh, instead of having to explain like Earl Russell,

how much more dignified would be his lot, and how much more we should esteem the science of statesmanship! There would be a certain clear gain, too, apart from his gratification and our pleasant delusions. Abroad as well as at home the Minister would get credit, not only for the wisdom he does possess, but for much which he does not.

Now, here is Earl Russell's exposition of his foreign policy. The public expected it, the public has got it, and therewith another proof that Ministers are but men. It is no oracle

that speaks. A certain air of profundity, a certain dignity of language, some originality of view, some evidence of deep thought or vigorous opinion we might have looked for, indeed; and we do; and we find nothing of all this. Matter and manner, Earl Russell's speech at Blairgowrie places us on a plain of mediocrity, bleak and boundless. In vain we seek some little hill, some eminence of thought or sagacity, from which to survey to greater advantage the affairs of the world. There is nothing of the sort. All that Earl Russell



THE ORIGIN OF PAINTING.—(FROM A PICTURE BY SCHINKEL.)

says, we have seen in the newspapers before, from the pens of uninitiate journalists and amateur politicians.

But of course these writers cannot be Lord Russell himself; and if it be the fact that he has really nothing more statesmanlike to say than we read in the threepenny broad-sheets, why, it is as well that he should tell us so himself; otherwise the thing would not be believed, probably. However, let us see what he does say.

The Earl begins, not with the Reform Bill, because it is not always easy to introduce that tremendous effort of genius and patriotism into the discussion of foreign affairs. But, since the Reform trump cannot be blown, the Earl commences by piping a soft, self-adulatory solo on the flattering reed cut in the marshes of Italy three or four years ago. This instrument pleases the noble Earl himself and draws the applause of an audience almost as well as the other. But when we contemplate that reed by the light of recent diplomatic illustrations, we see how easily it might have pierced the side of the King of Italy before it could be made to soothe Earl Russell's ear. Luckily, his Majesty did not lean upon it. But it is very indicative of the quality of Earl Russell's mind that, with the Polish *fiasco* before him, he should challenge the admiration of his country for having armed the King of Italy with his "moral support." Our Secretary has evidently no more doubt now than ever he had that he set up the kingdom of Italy in three despatches. Going back to the crisis of Italy's fate, he declares that "the Government of Lord Palmerston did not hesitate to say that the people of Italy should choose for themselves their future destiny; that they should choose their form of government; and that with the capacity they had, and with the courage they had shown, it was our belief that they were fit to take their place among the great nations of the world." And Earl Russell is plainly convinced that this original and potent expression of opinion was enough, not only to "prevent intervention with the interests of the Italian people" (a saying which will hardly be understood in France), but to carry their cause to a triumphant issue. Such is the power of diplomacy in the hands of a modern British statesman! The wit who declared that this politician was ready for any undertaking, from the command of the Channel Fleet to the operation for the stone, was not aware of the occult powers of a despatch, or he would have said in earnest what he said in jest.

Having drawn upon his audience for a little retrospective applause (chiefly, we observe, by the use of the phrase "corrupt and effete Governments"), the Earl goes at once to the civil war that has taken place in Poland; and here we have a series of platitudes and commonplaces which are really provoking, especially as some of them were originally made at his own expense. The noble Earl says "the partition of Poland was an event which was the scandal of Europe in the last century;" "the Powers of Europe became accessories after the fact" by a treaty the conditions of which Russia has not complied with. He thinks this non-compliance "an act of great imprudence on the part of Russia." He also thinks "it would be unbecoming to rail at Russia when we are not prepared forcibly to resist her assertions" (which is rather a new idea for him); and he confesses, it has "astonished me to find that, at the end of several months of correspondence with Russia, she has taken the line she has done!" Well, what astonishes us is, that Earl Russell should have courage enough to confess his astonishment. As long as he remained silent some doubt must have existed in men's minds as to whether he had really been more blind to the inevitable, humiliating end of his diplomatic meddling with Russia than anybody else. But he speaks, and hardily admits himself "astonished" at what was definitely predicted by hundreds of men in a hundred places as soon as the meddling commenced. The confession is not likely to increase our belief in the foresight of Lord Palmerston's Foreign Secretary. Something, however, we do learn from Earl Russell's speech on this matter—some indication of the course he proposes to pursue now. The hint appears in these words:—"I wish you to remark the fact, that the conditions which are contained in the Treaty of Vienna, by which Russia obtained the kingdom of Poland, have not been complied with; and that, without the conditions of the tenure, the title itself can hardly be upheld." And we read elsewhere that a rumour is current in Paris that the English Government has addressed a note to Austria, proposing that the Powers should no longer recognise the title of Russia to Poland, since she has violated the treaties of 1815. There is something like a definite policy in this, to be sure; but, on the other hand, a *literal* adherence to the Treaty of 1815 (which is all Earl Russell can demand so far as that arrangement is concerned) would not satisfy the Poles anywhere; and the treaty itself applies to only a part of the insurgent country. Besides, this threat of his, coming now, after the "slap on the face" he has just received from Prince Gortschakoff, sounds too much like the "you're another" of the naughty street-boy accused of fibbing. It is anger as much as policy, no doubt; and will only be the cause of more anger, without being of the slightest service to the Poles.

Having fired this diplomatic cracker in the face of Europe, Earl Russell next applies himself to the French Emperor's "intervention" in Mexico. Here his language is as unequivocal as his views are sound. He describes this move of the Emperor as "a forcible intervention in the internal affairs of another nation, to prescribe its Government and dictate who shall be its rulers;" and he goes on to say that, as soon as the cloven hoof appeared, "we at once parted company with our

ally." As the matter stands, our Government is resolved not to interfere in any way. If the Mexicans choose a monarchical system of Government, under the advice of his Imperial Majesty's Zouaves, good; if they do not, then we have nothing to urge in furtherance of the military argument. So far, this explanation is satisfactory; and between the lines we may plainly read that the French occupation of Mexico is decidedly distasteful to our Government.

Lastly comes the more important topic, America; and after the sudden departure of the Southern Envoy from England, disgusted with his treatment here, the country was naturally anxious to learn whether the bluster of Northern politicians had really wrought upon Earl Russell's apprehensions. We do not perceive that this is the case, though the fact of Mr. Mason's recall remains—a shabby, portentous fact. On the other hand, the Foreign Secretary rebukes the unreasonable wrath of the Northerners, as well as deprecates it. He thinks, as others do, that it was impossible to look upon the uprising of five millions of people as a petty insurrection, and that it was difficult to withhold from them "the rights of belligerents." How they have benefited by those rights is another thing, of which we have no explanation. By virtue of the grant the Confederates complained that, contrary to international law, we permitted a blockade of three thousand miles of the Southern coast of America. So we did, and Earl Russell admits that the blockade was ineffective, which was itself a sufficient reason against it. But still the noble Earl thought it was a blockade—enough of a blockade, we suppose he means—and there the matter was settled.

The question as to what is or is not forbidden by the Foreign Enlistment Act is not so easily decided. Earl Russell lays down the principle thus: "If you are asked to sell muskets you may sell muskets to one party or to the other, and so with regard to gunpowder, shells, and cannon; and you may sell a ship in the same manner. . . . But if you allow a ship to be armed and go at once to make an attack on a foreign belligerent, you are yourself, according to your own law, taking part in the war." It does not need much sagacity to see that a "law" like this must be disturbed by a dozen difficult problems; and, in fact, is no law at all. Nothing can be called law which abounds with arbitrary distinctions, and which has to be constantly regulated by the "sense of the Court." Because the sense of the Court may be nonsense. On the present occasion its general interpretation may be wise, but it certainly bears all in favour of the Northerners, the stronger and the noisier party. Earl Russell thinks we ought to have detained the Alabama, and has no doubt that the steam-rams of which we have heard so much lately must not be allowed to leave Liverpool; for "they are themselves, without any further armament, formed for acts of offence and war." No doubt that is true, and it is a good argument; but in the meantime we know full well that thousands of men are being draughted out of Ireland by Northern recruiting sergeants in the guise of emigration agents, and that while they sail from one port, the weapons which are to arm them are sent from another. Our technical knowledge of this fact is as good as all that we have about the Mersey steam-rams; but the state of the "law" is such that one offence against the integrity of a neutral can be winked at, while the other is put down with alacrity. However, it is safest to favour the stronger side, at any rate; and, of course, we must conclude, not that Earl Russell is partial, but that the Southerners are unlucky.

With this declaration about the steam-rams the interest of Earl Russell's speech ends. There is nothing in it about Mr. Mason's recall, from which we infer that the Southern Envoy was regarded as nobody in Downing-street, or that the noble Earl has no delight in the subject. The displeasure of the Southern people at the conduct of our Government is nowhere alluded to—because it does not threaten, we suppose; for the oburgations, the cries for vengeance which rise to heaven in the Federal States, are considered at some length, and politely, though firmly, deprecated. We trust Mr. Seward will distinctly understand now that Earl Russell is not afraid; but, at the same time, we should have been better satisfied if we had seen in the Earl's mediocre address a little less evidence of his old weakness in the presence of strong, bullying antagonists.

"THE ORIGIN OF PAINTING."

WHETHER or not the old fable of the invention of painting had its origin in the shadow of the Arcadian nymph having been traced by her shepherd lover, who thus had her similitude constantly before him, is of very little importance, except it be held as a proof that photography was amongst the earliest of the arts. It is quite certain, however, that the idea has in later times afforded an admirable subject for the artist, since it is one in which he has ample opportunity for introducing the soft grace and delicacy of finish which are the most charming attributes of these Arcadian studies. If Cleanthes of Corinth could really claim the credit of having produced the first outline, he probably borrowed it from the ingenious youth who fixed the coy shadow on the rock by means of a pointed stone. The art had received its impetus. Adrices of Corinth and Telephanes of Sicyon began to fill in the outline, and to the growing picture Cleophantus added a single lifelike tint. These earliest efforts to found the first principles of the art have become poetical, and may have no foundation in reality; but the outline of the nymph has such a legendary interest that the "origin of painting" may well furnish the theme of a picture, even of the highest school.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.—On the 23rd of August a schooner—name and nation unknown—captured by H.M.S. *Esplor*, arrived at St. Helena with 466 slaves; and on the 26th of that month the *Esplor* also arrived at the roadstead with 111 slaves, the remainder of the surviving negroes who were on board the schooner when captured. 200 of the males above twelve years of age, who were willing to serve as soldiers, have been selected for service in the West India regiments; the remaining portion, 282 males and 95 females, have been lodged under the care of the Government superintendent at Rupert's Valley.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

There have been rumours afloat in Paris for several days past of a contemplated change in the French Embassy in London. Baron Gros, who has lately been taking a holiday, was to have been recalled, and M. Walewski or M. de Persigny to have taken his place. The semi-official papers have contradicted each other on this point. Some positively affirmed the fact; others denied it; and, while the controversy was at its height, Baron Gros has returned to his post as Ambassador in London.

A silent diplomatic rupture between France and Russia appears to be in progress. It is reported that Baron Budberg is about to quit Paris for St. Petersburg *en congé*, and that the Duke de Montebello was to take leave of the Czar at St. Petersburg on the 27th ult., and return to Paris.

ITALY.

The territory infested with brigands has been divided into two military zones. The first, embracing the districts of Benevento, Molise, and Matese, is placed under the command of General Pallavicini; and the second, comprising the districts of Maffi, Bovino, and Avellino, will be commanded by Franzini.

The Government of Turin has officially notified the withdrawal of the *exequatur* of the Pontifical Consuls throughout Italy, in consequence of the expulsion of the Italian Consul from Rome. The Pontifical officials, however, are to be allowed to remain in the kingdom as private persons.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government has resolved to put the screw on all public functionaries in the ensuing elections, and with that view has issued a circular directing the chiefs of the provincial governments to watch the conduct of the officials, and intimating to the latter that they are expected actively to promote the interests of the Government, as a passive attitude will be considered as showing a want of devotion. It is believed that the elections will result in the return of members to the Lower House even more hostile to the Ministry than those of that which has just been dissolved.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The elections in the Ionian Islands in reference to the proposed annexation to Greece have terminated. As yet, however, we only know the results of the vote in Corfu and Paxos. Both islands have pronounced, through the representatives elected, in favour of the annexation. We have yet to learn the results in Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, and Cerigo; but there does not appear to be the slightest doubt that these islands, too, will pronounce in favour of the union with the kingdom of Greece.

DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

The Danish Rigsraad, the common assembly for Denmark and Schleswig, was opened by the King on the 28th ult. In his speech his Majesty, after intimating the election of a Danish Prince to the Greek throne, referred to the dispute with the German Bund, and said:—

The dispute between Denmark and the Federal Diet appears to be approaching a decision, as the resolutions passed at the Congress of German Princes anticipate a change in the relative positions of Holstein and Denmark in conformity with my proclamation of March. I trusted that an understanding would be arrived at, but in reply to that proclamation came the demands of the Federal Diet.

Our last despatch to the Federal Diet declared our readiness to carry out its resolutions in Holstein, if they were found to be compatible with my sovereignty over the federal provinces, and did not impede independent legislation in the other parts of the kingdom.

In case our hope should not be realised, it is obvious that it would no longer be a question of the federal rights over Holstein, but of the independence of Denmark, which is firmly determined to protect herself against any attack.

The Minister of Marine subsequently applied to the Rigsraad for permission to construct an iron-clad naval battery, to call in 5000 seamen, and to iron-plate a frigate.

The Copenhagen journals publish a note addressed by the Swedish Government to its representatives in London and Paris in reference to the Danish question. The Swedish Government declares that the demand made by the Federal Diet on Denmark to withdraw the proclamation of March 30 (decreting the political severance of Holstein from the Danish Kingdom) amounts to an intolerable interference in the affairs of the monarchy. Denmark, in her reply, will probably refuse compliance, and declare that federal execution will be regarded by her as equivalent to a declaration of war. Such a reply Sweden considers quite justified by the circumstances, and she expresses a hope that the Western Powers will not remain indifferent to the outbreak of war, which will in all probability ensue should Denmark be left unprotected. Moreover, the note adds that in the event of such a struggle being forced upon Denmark, Sweden might feel herself compelled by regard for her own interests, which the subjugation of the Danish kingdom would imperil, to throw herself actively into the contest.

MEXICO.

Advices received in Paris from Mexico announce the increasing dissolution of the Juarez party. There was a probability that San Luis Potosi will shortly pronounce in favour of the French intervention. A rural guard had been organised, which successfully resists the guerrilla bands.

JAPAN.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a letter from Jeddo, Japan, dated the 28th of July, containing details of the chastisement inflicted by Admiral Jaures upon the Japanese forts belonging to the Prince of Nagato, which had fired upon European ships. The letter states that these reprisals produced a very salutary effect. A Japanese Admiral presented himself at Kanagawa to place in the hands of the French Admiral the model of the flag borne by all the ships which belong directly to the Tycoon. The object of this step was to acknowledge, on the part of the Government of the Tycoon, the right of foreign war-vessels to seize all ships which do not show this flag.

THE SUPPOSED NANA SAHIB.

It appears from a telegram that the man captured at Ajmeer, and believed to be the notorious Nana Sahib, has been proved not to be that personage. The prisoner was brought into Cawnpore on the 22nd of August, and lodged in the station gaol. His arrival caused considerable commotion in the city at first, for it was generally believed that the coming prisoner was veritably the Nana; but in a very few hours after he left the railway station that excitement had quite subsided. Hundreds of people to whom the person of the Nana was well known had seen the prisoner, and all declared that he was not the man. Among these are people who had been daily with the Nana, and some of them in constant attendance upon him, at Bithoor and elsewhere, for years before his flight. The prisoner was almost immediately on his arrival at the station subjected to an examination before the resident magistrate, Mr. H. Monckton, C.S., when he was charged with being the Nana Dhoondoo Punt. He denies that he is so, and declares that he is a Brahmin who has been a fakir nearly all his life; that his name is Appa Ram, son of Damoodhur, born in a village on the banks of an obscure river in the Deccan; and that while he was yet a child his father was murdered there. He says he had two brothers. On the death of his father, he (then twelve years old) with his brothers, adopted the vagrant habits of a fakir. His brothers, he says, he has never seen or heard of since they set out after their father's death. He states that a few years ago he visited the village where he was born, and was then recognised by three or four persons living there, whom he names, but they are all dead now. The village itself, too, he declares has now ceased to exist, having been washed away and entirely destroyed by an encroachment of the river, and its inhabitants are now undiscoverable, being, as he says, absorbed in the population of the surrounding country. Dr. Cheke and Dr. Jones assisted the magistrate during the first day's proceedings, which bore solely on the point of his personal appearance.

Dr. Cheke was formerly civil surgeon of Cawnpore; Dr. Jones is so now. In his office as civil surgeon Dr. Cheke attended professionally upon the Nana, but does not recognise the prisoner in any way. His person does not show the expected marks or traces said to have been left by surgical treatment for certain minor diseases. In fact, Dr. Cheke is very strongly of opinion that the prisoner is not the Nana. With the assistance of the medical officers above named the magistrates drew up a most minute description of the prisoner's person; and with that the first day's proceedings closed.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

We have intelligence from New York to the 19th ult. President Lincoln had suspended the Habeas Corpus Act throughout the United States in all cases where the military, naval, or civil government officers hold persons under their command or custody as prisoners of war, spies, aiders or abettors of the enemy, enrolled, draughted, enlisted, or mustered officers, soldiers or seamen in the Federal service, or deserters. This suspension will be continued in force during the duration of the rebellion, or until President Lincoln sees fit to revoke it. Great indignation against the edict was manifested by the Democratic journals; but the people generally seemed to be quite indifferent on the subject. Three motives are assigned for the President taking this important step—first, to enable the Government to defeat all attempts to obtain exemption from the late conscription; second, to remove difficulties from the carrying out of another draught, which is said to be contemplated in consequence of the failure of that which has just taken place to produce a sufficient number of men; and, third, to place the control of the approaching presidential elections completely in the hands of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, and so secure the triumph of either the present President or whoever may be nominated by the Republican party.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., an attempt to hang the Hon. D. W. Voorhees, member of Congress from Indiana, and a distinguished member of the Democratic party, was made by a party of soldiers belonging to his own State, who were travelling in the same train with him between Terre Haute and Greencastle. He was rescued by the officers in command, but compelled to leave the train to avoid further violence.

Of the 40,000 voters in the city of Baltimore, 34,000 are asserted to sympathise with the South, and to be only kept from overt acts of disloyalty by the operation of martial law as administered by General Schenck.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, in an appeal to the people of his State to sustain him in the struggle for the establishment of the Confederacy and the maintenance of liberty, denounced the weakheartedness that had been exhibited in the holding of peace meetings, and the spirit of insubordination evinced in the threats of resistance to the conscription and taxation laws. He gave warning that such proceedings and intentions must be renounced, and declared that so long as he remained in the Executive every enactment of the Confederate authority should be rigidly enforced.

According to the Richmond papers the Confederates are still looking hopefully forward to the recognition of their independence by the European Powers. The papers assert that the Emperor of the French will not enter into a European war lest it should interfere with his designs respecting Mexico and the Southern Confederacy. The Confederates are reported to have asserted that they can now throw a force of 200,000 against the Union forces, and they appear perfectly confident of their final success.

WAR NEWS.

Refugees report that a battle between General Rosencranz and General Bragg had been progressing for two days, in which at the outset Bragg was forced to retreat, but, having received reinforcements, he had turned the tide of battle, and was then driving back Rosencranz. Telegraphic despatches from the army of General Rosencranz of the 17th and 18th ult., however, deny that any engagement of consequence had yet taken place between that army and General Bragg's. They report that General Longstreet, with 20,000 men, had arrived at Resaca, Georgia, and that other reinforcements from different quarters had reached General Bragg, swelling his force to fully 65,000 men. General Rosencranz had assumed a strong defensive position, covering Chattanooga. The two armies were within a few miles of each other, and a battle at any moment was considered imminent.

Telegrams from Atlanta, Georgia, of the 14th ult. to the Richmond papers represent that skirmishing had occurred near Dalton, Funnelhill, and Lafayette, between the Confederates, under Generals Bushrod, Johnson, Forrest, and Wheeler, and the Federals; also, that General Buckner had had an engagement with Federals at McLeomore's Gap, in which he captured 300 prisoners.

General Steele officially announces to General Halleck his occupation of Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 10th ult.; the Confederates made but slight resistance, and retired towards Washington. The Federal cavalry, under General Davidson, had been sent in pursuit.

General Lee had fallen back from the line of the Rappahannock towards Gordonsville. General Pleasanton, with a cavalry force, advanced on the 13th, and after sharp skirmishing, in which he lost forty men in killed and wounded, took possession of Culpepper, capturing three cannon and a few prisoners. On the 14th he moved forward to the Rapidan River, but finding the Confederates strongly posted on the opposite bank, he refrained from crossing. Washington letters state that the Confederates had attempted to recross the Rapidan, but, finding themselves opposed by a strong force of Federal cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery, fell back to their intrenchments. Next morning the attempt was renewed, and resulted in the recrossing of the Confederates at Raccoon Ford, and the capture of 150 men of the New York cavalry. Various statements are made of the intentions of General Lee. It is asserted by some that his retreat is merely a ruse by which he designs to draw General Meade across the Rapidan, and then, by rapid flank movements, himself to recross both the Rapidan and Rappahannock, interpose his forces between General Meade and Washington, and march directly upon that city. On the other hand, it is positively averred that the bulk of his army, with the exception of 40,000 men left in Virginia for the defence of Richmond, has been sent to Tennessee to co-operate with Generals Bragg and Johnston against Generals Rosencranz and Burnside.

It was reported that General Lee had gone South "for an important purpose," and that the command of the Confederate army of the Potomac had been assumed by General Joseph Johnston.

The expedition to Texas had been dispatched from New Orleans, and the New York papers affect to hope that they would speedily come into collision with the forces of France in Mexico, and so bring on a war in vindication of the great "Monroe doctrine;" though how such a collision was likely to occur, considering the great distance that separates the forces of the two nations, and that Texas, occupied by a Confederate army, lies between them, is not explained. Letters from New Orleans of the 12th ult., however, announce the return to that city of a portion of the Texas expedition, which was under the command of General Franklin and which had been repulsed in an attempt to affect a landing at Sabine City. One of the Federal gun-boats, the Clifton, was destroyed, and another, the Sachem, captured, with all on board either killed or taken prisoners. The same letters assert that the object of the expedition was the capture or destruction of the Confederate army of the Teche, in which Generals Herron and Washburne were to co-operate by different routes.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Intelligence received from Charleston to the 16th ult. announces that General Gilmore was mounting heavy guns at Fort Wagner and Cumming Point to bombard Charleston. The Confederates continue to shell General Gilmore's position. A magazine in one of the batteries upon James Island exploded on the 16th, causing the death of a Lieutenant, and five men. One of the 800-pounder Blakeley guns belonging to the Confederates had burst, owing to the piece being too much elevated in an attempt to make

a long shot. General Beauregard, it is stated, unfavourably regards the use of these monster cannon, and has telegraphed to the authorities at Richmond not to send him any more of them. Southern accounts state that the citizens were leaving Charleston en masse, taking with them everything of value. General Beauregard's official report of the repulse of the boat attack upon Sumter, dated the 9th, states that the captures were 113 officers and privates, four boats, and three flags.

General Gilmore is stated by the *Washington Republican* to have asked instructions from the Government as to the expediency of destroying Charleston if he could not capture the forts that defend it, and to have been informed in reply that he was to bombard the city until it surrendered.

It is reported from Washington—asserted to be upon good authority—that General Gilmore had tendered his resignation to the President in consequence of a disagreement between himself and Admiral Dahlgren, and that Mr. Lincoln would not accept it, but was meditating the replacement of Admiral Dahlgren by Admiral Farragut. The cause of disagreement between the General and the Admiral was said to be the little aid rendered by the fleet in the siege operations. Several of the Federal ironclads are reported to have been towed off from before the forts for repairs.

WARSAW AND THE POLISH INSURGENTS.

In our description of the city of Warsaw last week we gave some account of the appearance presented by the encampment of the Russian troops; and we are now able to publish an Engraving, showing the disposition of their tents in the Place d'Armes.

It has been stated by the *Nord* that the departure of the Grand Duke Constantine from the city would be the signal for "a series of effective military measures against the insurgents, the dispersion of whom will be facilitated by the winter season." This remark may gain increased significance from the fact that the official list of Polish patriots publicly executed by the Russians during June, July, and August includes five ecclesiastics, four landowners, and a number of civil and military officers, students, engineers, citizens, farmers, artisans, and peasants, making a total (representing all classes of the community) of fifty-eight persons. In addition to this, a batch of 200 of the inhabitants of Warsaw have been transported to Siberia during the ten days' closing of the gates of the city.

If any excuse for increased severity had been needed, however, it has been supplied by the throwing of the grenades during the passing of General Berg.

Although it has been declared that the bomb was not thrown from the Zamoycki Palace, but from the pavement near the house, the General gave orders that the whole of the Cracow suburb should be occupied by the troops and the traffic stopped.

Not content with this, the soldiery were let loose on the inhabitants, and, with every outrage of which they were capable, pillaged the property of about 1500 people. This work was accomplished by a thousand infantry and cavalry, who proceeded in a wide column from the orderly-room to the spot where the attempt was made on General Berg.

On their road they arrested in the most brutal manner every person they met, driving all before them with their bayonets. They then entered both the houses of Count Zamoycki, one of which was strictly a private house, occupied by his household exclusively, and the other, perhaps the most magnificent house in Warsaw, fitted up in a most luxurious style and occupied by nearly one hundred and twenty opulent and highly respectable families.

The costly furniture was forced through the windows into the street, the casements sharing the general ruin; books, pictures, pianos, dresses, and objects of art made into a promiscuous heap, to which torches were afterwards applied in order to set it on fire; and amidst the general confusion the mob outside heard the groans and cries of women.

After seven hours of destruction the soldiery dragged the male inhabitants, upwards of two hundred in number, covered with wounds and contusions, to the citadel. These poor people were without hats or coats, and their clothes were nearly torn off their backs. Among them were several old men, whose weary and despairing looks moved the bystanders to tears. Meanwhile the women and children, thus deprived of their natural protectors, were exposed to the insults and obscene jokes of the drunken soldiery, without a home, even without warm clothing against the cold.

The next morning these houses were but heaps of ashes; and it has since been stated that the public library, the archives of the Vistula Steam Navigation Company, and the Oriental collection of Professor Kowalewski, are burnt.

It may soon be expected after this demonstration of attachment, that General Berg will attain as high a degree of the Imperial favour as Mouravieff, to whom the Emperor writes affectionately:—

"By your indefatigable activity, and your energetic measures, you very quickly obtained the desired success. Order has been already established in the greater part of the country intrusted to you, and in the remainder it is being progressively restored. We thank you, therefore, for your efforts, to which it is due that we see the moment approaching when, without having recourse to deplorable measures of coercion, we may definitively consolidate general tranquillity and re-establish the principles of government and administration."

This will be something worthy of reflection, indeed, when he finds retirement in the palace in the old town of Wilna, where he has taken up his abode. Wilna itself may yet have to undergo some fiery ordeal, which would play sad havoc among the remains of old wooden houses and narrow streets in its suburbs. The inhabitants of this ancient capital of Lithuania, with its fine public buildings, cathedral, schools, churches, mosque, and marble chapel, can scarcely feel safe night or day while the man whom the Emperor so delights to honour holds possession of the highways.

Away from the towns the patriots are making what fighting they can, and continue to gain victories here and there; but, out of upwards of twenty detachments, great and small, which have left Galicia for the kingdom since Easter, very few have been able to exist, even for a day, on the other side of the frontier. Generally, they have retired without being pursued, after fighting a drawn battle. Sometimes they have beaten the Russians, but have found it impossible to advance into the interior.

The *Press* of Vienna points out fresh measures of rigour which have been adopted throughout the whole of the kingdom of Poland, and which are no longer directed against the insurgents alone, but against all the landed proprietors of the country. The object of Russia is to indemnify herself for all the losses and expenses she has incurred in consequence of the insurrection, and for that purpose to levy a regular war contribution on all landed property. Several Austrian subjects, among others Prince Sanguszko and Count Alfred Potocki, a member of the Upper Chamber of the Austrian empire, have been, although not residing in Poland, taxed, the former at 40,000 roubles, and the latter at 50,000. While waiting for the payment from those noblemen, who reside at Vienna, their properties have been occupied militarily. What is perhaps still more astonishing is that an inhabitant of Cracow, now an Austrian city, has been taxed 5000 roubles for a small property which he possesses in the suburbs of that city, but which, unfortunately, is on the Russian territory.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.—The Château of Miramar, where the Archduke Maximilian resides, is situated about three miles from Trieste, on a promontory running out into the sea. The building is in the Gothic style, and its proportions are immense. The Archduke had in the château built some years ago, and gave it the name it bears, which in the Spanish language signifies "Look at the sea." The Prince has there formed magnificent collections of objects of natural history, which he either procured during his different voyages or which have been brought or sent to him by officers of the Austrian navy. The Prince is intimately acquainted with the Spanish, and, like his brother the Emperor of Austria, speaks seven languages. The park of Miramar is the principal promenade of the inhabitants of Trieste, and on Sundays and fete days they flock thither in crowds. The apartments, the picture galleries, and the collections of natural history are kindly thrown open to visitors. The Prince and Princess do much good in the country, where they have acquired the love and esteem of the inhabitants.

IRELAND.

THE CHEAPEST RAILWAY IN THE KINGDOM.—The Finn Valley Railway, recently opened by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is the cheapest yet constructed in Great Britain. Its length is thirteen miles, and the total cost has been £69,972, or £5380 per mile, while the average cost of all the railways in Ireland has been £18,424. Only £8 10s. per mile of receipts per week is required, therefore, to enable the shareholders to enjoy a dividend of 5 per cent. The work is stated to be thoroughly well executed, and, although achieved at a cost of an easy character, the main causes of the economy of enormous compensations for land or other drawbacks of that description. There are two other lines in progress in the same district which will exhibit analogous features. One is a railway of nine miles from the city of Derry to Farland Point, the cost of which, it is said, will be only a little over £30,000; and the other is to be an extension of seven miles to Buncrana, at a cost of £29,000.

SCOTLAND.

TIME-GUN FOR GLASGOW.—Arrangements are being made for the establishment of a time-gun in Glasgow. The scheme, however, is to be experimental in the meantime, and will only become a permanency in the event of its being successfully carried out, and coming to be regarded by mercantile men and the community generally as a public benefit which ought to be retained. A 32-pounder gun is being erected in a central part of the city, and, as it is surrounded by houses, the piece will only be charged with from 1½ lb. to 2 lb. of powder, instead of 6 lb., which it could safely stand. The disadvantages of the present site, as necessitating such a restricted charge, are obvious, and it is therefore probable that another position for the gun will be obtained in the outskirts of the city, where it may be loaded with the full 6 lb. of gunpowder. Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, has arranged his clock in the Edinburgh Observatory, so that the electric current will be passed to the Glasgow gun simultaneously with the firing of the Newcastle, North Shields, Sunderland, and Edinburgh pieces.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A STAG AND A GILLIE.—An incident lately occurred at a stagchase in the forest of Glenavon which created considerable alarm among keepers and gillies. John Morrison, of Glenavon, an athletic youth of seventeen, had occasion to slip a brace of hounds at a stag, near the summit of Ben-y-Buird. The chase extended over some miles, until one of the hounds compelled the deer to turn at bay. Assisted by his skill as huntsman in taking a near cut to the place which was most likely to be the field of engagement, the nimble-footed mountaineer came in sight of the stag and hound struggling desperately, and, on observing that the dog was coming off second best in the match, he bounded to his rescue. By this time the hound was in a great measure exhausted, and in all probability he would soon have become the victim of his foe. The youth rushed in the face of the infuriated animal, and plied his massive budgeon with might and main, which in a few rounds was flying from the substantial horns of the stag in splinters in every direction. Morrison being now in a defenceless condition, his antagonist sprang upon him, and with one jerk heaved him over a large stone, and he had scarce got to his feet when the animal was about to give him the finishing stroke. It was now or die; so the lad seized the animal's horn with his left hand, while with his right he thrust his "skien dhu" into his heart, and thus terminated his career.

THE PROVINCES.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES.—Agents of the Kent Archaeological Society have been engaged during the last few days opening several ancient graves in the parish of Sarre, near Sandwich. The spot selected is situated near the mill, being a little to the east of the present parochial burial-ground. Traces of human remains were discovered in abundance, evidently those of warriors, as in several instances swords and spears were discovered close beside the bodies, which were found at a depth of about four feet. Several Roman coins, and rings and other ornaments, were discovered in close proximity to the mortal remains.

COALMINERS' CONFERENCE.—The coalminers of the United Kingdom have arranged for a meeting of their delegates at Leeds, on the 12th inst. The education of the youths working in collieries will form the subject of one of the most important discussions of the conference. A series of questions have been propounded to the delegates, and will be answered by them. They include the following:—1. Are you of opinion that the operation of the Education Clauses tends to produce a growing indispotion among owners and agents to admit young persons under twelve years of age into their pits? 2. Are you of opinion that the Education Clauses effect any real durable benefit to the colliers' boys? 3. Have the Education Clauses operated to secure better school attendance from the ages of ten to twelve years by that portion of your scholars? 4. Are you of opinion that the Education Clauses need improvement? 5. What would you suggest as right and proper to be done legislatively to secure better education for the child of a miner? 6. Are you of opinion that the application of the Education Clauses of the Factories Act—viz., half schooling and half work for colliers' boys, from the ages of ten to twelve years, ought not to be adopted?

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.—The rebuilding of the tower and spire of this venerable pile, which were suddenly demolished on the 21st of February, 1861, is slowly but steadily proceeding, and considerable progress has been made during the past few months. The four main piers were completed early in the summer, and the connecting arches were at once placed in position, ornamented, as formerly, with the grand cable moulding, and the curious bands of diaper-work. The walls of the tower, which are five feet and a half in thickness, have been carried up a considerable height, and are now visible from the outside. A large portion of the inlaid marble flooring intended for the new choir was received a few days ago. Its general design is that of a large circle containing a foliated cross, surrounded by four large circles, each differing from the other in pattern, and four smaller circles; the whole being inclosed within a square double border of exquisite workmanship, and the interstices between the circles being filled with diaper-work. It is composed of variously-coloured marbles, which have been selected from Irish, French, and Italian, as well as the best English quarries; and an idea may be formed of the elaborate and intricate nature of the work from the fact that, in a space only two inches square, no fewer than forty-two distinct pieces of marble have been counted. The new communion-table, elegantly carved in cedar-work, together with a number of seats for the new choir, richly ornamented with elaborate oak-carvings, have also lately been received. It is anticipated that the work of reconstruction, which is estimated to cost £50,000, will be completed by July, 1866.

INTERESTING LITERARY DISCOVERY.—A discovery has recently been made at the house of a bookseller in London of seven volumes of manuscripts in the handwriting of Beaumarchais. According to a letter written by M. E. Fournier, who was one of the persons who made the discovery, they have been purchased by M. Edouard Thierry, the director of the *Théâtre Français*. In his letter M. Fournier says:—"There is among them a manuscript of the 'Barbier de Séville'; another of the 'Mère Coquette'; with numerous variations from the hand of Beaumarchais; another of the piece of the 'Faux Ami,' which has become the drama of the 'Deux Amis.' You will, moreover, have nine or ten pieces completely unknown—comedies, one in three acts, in prose, and another, in one act, in verse; comic operas, farces, &c. Add to that a whole volume of songs, and music noted by Beaumarchais himself; a volume of literary correspondence, and another of diplomatic letters; and another relative to the hair, hitherto so mysterious, of Beaumarchais and the Chevalier d'Eon; and if you conclude the purchase you will possess the richest and the most unforeseen lot in the manuscript inheritance of Beaumarchais."

ANOTHER MORTARA CASE.—A Paris journal says:—"A young Jewess, Graziosa Caviglia, was baptised in Rome on the 20th of September against the wishes of her parents, who protested to the last, and against her own wishes; for it cannot be said that a young girl of nine years of age has any will in such a matter. Upon a final and very touching supplication presented by her mother to Cardinal Cagiano, Prefect of the Academy of the Catechumens, where the young girl was confined, the word *lectum* was immediately passed; and, a few days after, the *Journal of Rome*, braving the opinion of all respectable people and insulting the grief of the parents, had the audacity to proclaim to the world the conversion and the baptism of Graziosa Caviglia, aged nine years. It should be noted that, although a Pontifical bull forbids the baptism of an Israelite who of his own free will wishes to be converted to Catholicism until he has passed through two years of instruction and examination, this child has been baptised only three months after being abducted from her parents. It is thus that the Court of Rome follows the examples of reform and of toleration afforded to it by the civil world."

INJURIOUS ACTION OF LEAD PIPES ON WATER.—The importance of discovering a really efficient means of preventing the injurious action of lead pipes on water is universally acknowledged, and the experiments of Dr. Grace-Calvert have proved beyond question that no proposition hitherto brought forward has been calculated to remedy the evil complained of. A discovery, however, has now been made, through which the water supplied by leaden pipes may be obtained by the consumer as pure as from the original source. Dr. H. Schwartz, of Breslau, has discovered a means by which the portion of the lead forming the interior surface of the pipe may be converted into an insoluble sulphide, the natural consequence being that the water passing through will be as free from contamination as if glass were used. The means by which Dr. Schwartz effects this conversion are extremely simple. He simply passes a strong solution of the sulphide of an alkali through the pipe to be acted upon, and the process is completed. This solution, which is either a sulphide of potassium or of sodium, is used at a temperature of about 212 deg. Fahrenheit, and is allowed to act upon the metal for from ten to fifteen minutes. It is stated that, in practice, the boiling solution of caustic soda and sulphur is found to answer every purpose.

THE ANNAMITE AMBASSADORS IN PARIS.

READERS of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES will have gathered from the Engravings and descriptions already published some particulars of the success of the French expedition to Cochin-China. These have at last led to a definite treaty, the ratification of which was consummated after the taking of Go-Cong; and the King of Annam has now sent his accredited Ambassadors with autograph letters to the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of the French. These Ambassadors are three in number—Pham-Thanh-Giang, who is the central figure in our Engraving, being the principal; Pham-Phu-Thu, who is seated on his left hand; and the long-bearded Ngny-Khao-Dan. These dignitaries, who occupy the respective offices of Vice Grand Comptroller of the Kingdom, First Secretary of the Minister of the Interior, and Master of the Ceremonies of the Imperial Palace, are attended by three servants, bearing a box of betel for chewing, a feather fan, and the pipe of state.

They are small and slender in figure, these Annamites, with black hair—which, by-the-way, is not shaved in the Chinese manner—black eyes, and, it is scarcely necessary to say, black teeth from the constant chewing of betel, occasionally flavoured with a pinch of tobacco. In the absence of a fan, they each of them frequently carry a small ivory baton, for the stick plays an important part in Annam, and is used in order to give directions to inferiors without speaking, both amongst the military commanders and with other persons in authority. Another use ascribed to this baton has somewhat of a fanciful air about it. In their country it is forbidden to look during an audience at the chief of the state or his ministers; and in order to render the observance of this rule more easy this stick is carried, on which the eyes are kept

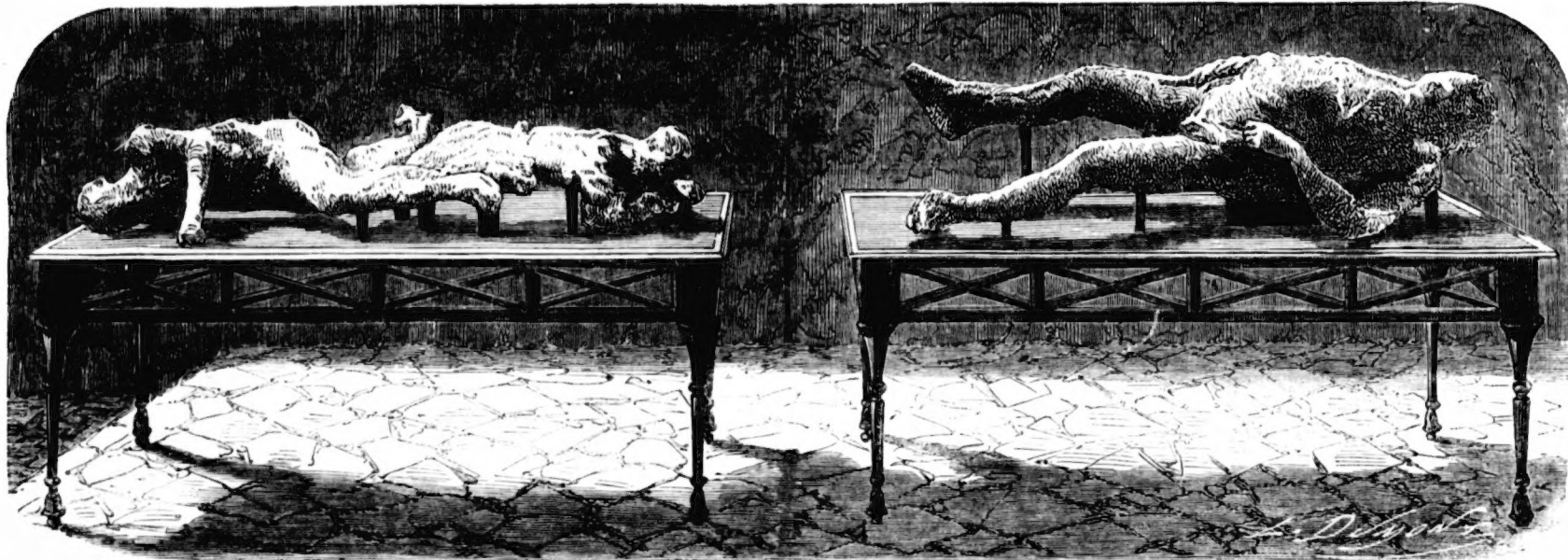


THE ANNAMITE AMBASSADORS TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

constantly fixed. Unlike the Japanese, they wear very few ornaments, although it is said that they reserve the display of their jewels for occasions of ceremony. The dresses of the inferiors are composed of light stuffs, those of the principals are of silk, and are often richly embroidered with grotesque figures. It is customary also for the superiors only to wear shoes; but the hot asphalt pavements of Paris have rendered it necessary to mitigate this custom in favour of the servants. Black, which is the aristocratic colour in Cochin-China, occupies the most prominent place in their clothing, and especially in their turbans, those worn on State occasions being most imposing specimens of the national head-dress.

The suite consists of about seventy persons; and as they have brought with them an enormous quantity of baggage, including valuable presents and a large quantity of rice for their own consumption, their safe transit was a matter of some difficulty, especially as they demand a full degree of etiquette on the subject of precedence. In spite of this, however, and their grave demeanour, they are said to be thoroughly capable of enjoyment.

On their reception at Marseilles the streets were lined with troops from the quay to the Grand Hotel. In the evening they visited the theatre, and were present at the performance of the ballet "Des Nations," the first act of "William Tell," and the last act of "The Barber of Seville." They occupied the boxes of the Prefect and Mayor, and expressed themselves much pleased with the performance. The first act of "William Tell" was interpreted to them, and they apparently found it comic, for they laughed immoderately. Although smoking is not permitted in the theatre, an exception was made in their favour, and they continued to smoke cigars during the entire performance. As a matter of politeness, the Mayor like-



HUMAN BODIES RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. SOMMER.)

wise smoked a cigaret presented to him by the chief Ambassador. Some young Annamites, of eleven and twelve years of age, attached to the Embassy, fixed their opera-glasses upon the stage during the whole of the performance. The Embassy was evidently more amused with the ballet than with the opera.

It may be a curious reflection to the artists who appeared on the occasion, that in Cochin-China, when an actor forgets his part or plays it badly in the presence of a mandarin, that high functionary at once orders the culprit to be well bastinadoed. The punishment is inflicted on the spot, and the actor, after receiving this severe castigation, resumes his part, and plays it through in fear and trembling.

On their official reception by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in Paris, the Envoys and their suite donned their grand ceremonial costume, which is precisely the same as was worn in the time of the old Chinese dynasty of the Mings.

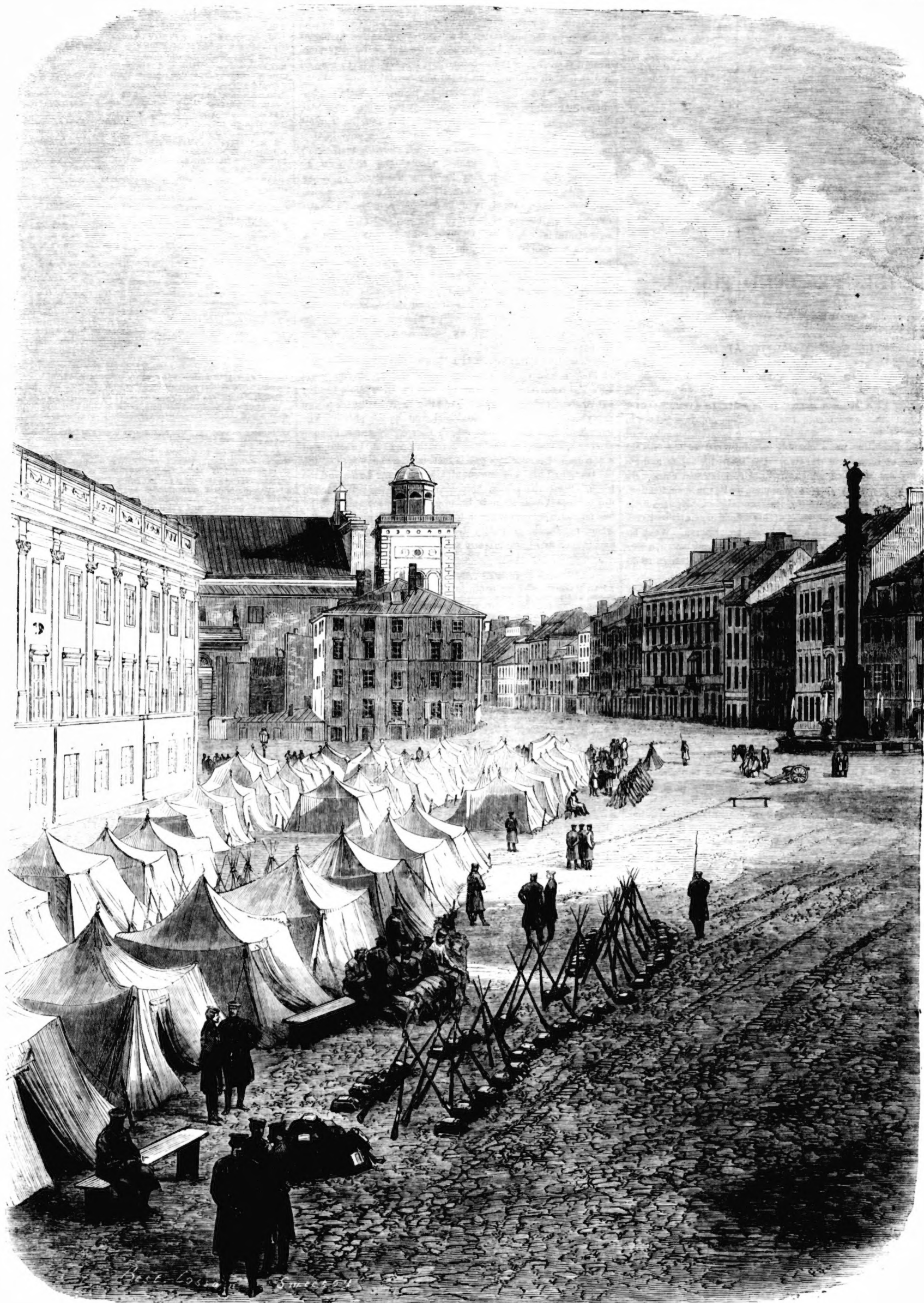
Captain Ambaret acted as interpreter, and Pham-Thanh-Giang told M. Drouyn de Lhuys that on the occasion of the exchange



OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF GENERAL MOURAVIEFF AT WILNA.—SEE PAGE 211.

of the ratifications of the treaty entered into between France and the Empire of Annam, the Emperor Napoleon having sent a mission to Hué, the Emperor Tu-Duc, on his side, had desired to send an Embassy to compliment the Emperor of the French, and that he was happy at having been chosen by his Sovereign to fulfil that mission, and at being able to present his homages to the Minister. M. Drouyn de Lhuys replied that the Emperor regretted that he could not at present receive the Annamite mission, but that his Majesty had charged him to give them the most cordial welcome; the Ambassadors might rest assured that they would find in France the most sincere marks of sympathy and friendship. The Ambassador expressed his gratification at the attention which the mission had met with on their voyage, and particularly since their arrival on the French territory.

The party was served with tea before taking their leave. The sangfroid with which they regard all the novelties of the French capital is something marvellous; and,



ENCAMPMENT OF RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE GRAND SQUARE AT WARSAW.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. KORSUNA.)—SEE PAGE 211.

after pretty close observation of their manners (for they go about quite freely, under the charge of certain official guides), the Parisians have come to the conclusion either that they are very stupid, very philosophical, or are well skilled in concealing their emotions.

THE HUMAN REMAINS DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.

The excavations at Pompeii, which have already proved so successful in disclosing the remains of the buried city, are still carried on, and the patience of the directors is continually rewarded by some

fresh discovery which reveals another memento of the life which was so suddenly arrested in its full activity. Valuable works of art, domestic utensils and implements, and villas with their columns, and pavements, and pictured walls, have been carefully exhumed from that terrible grave of lava. It only remained to disinter the bodies of those who owned all these, and to find, if they had not been utterly consumed, the remains of those fugitives who were overtaken in their flight by an enemy before which neither strength nor beauty could avail.

There already exists in the Museum of Naples a mass of cinders

(solidified by time) which contain the imprint of the body of a young girl, her breast distinctly moulded in the once yielding substance; but, unfortunately, the human remains, which have often been distinctly observable at the time they were uncovered, could not be preserved, since they fell to pieces directly an attempt has been made to remove them. Henceforth, however, not one of these precious vestiges need be absolutely lost, since models of them may be taken directly they are uncovered by the excavators. When, in digging amongst the cinders and debris, always with the utmost precaution, some human remains are discovered, and

it may hence be concluded that a skeleton lies in the cavity of the mass, the orifices in all that part of the earth are filled with a liquid plaster, which is intended to solidify and give consistency to the incrustated forms.

The result of this is that in the midst of the fissure into the depth of which the plaster is poured there may be obtained a fine model of the original form, the plaster replacing the flesh and even the folds of the dress, the skeleton being re-covered, and the body appearing in nearly its original dimensions.

It is in the eastern part of the city, towards Castellamare, in a lane leading to the street of Plenty, that these remains of the former inhabitants have been found. It would appear that in the endeavour to escape with some articles of value, and returning for that purpose during the first moments of the eruption, they were completely barricaded by the falling cinders and ultimately beaten down in the place where they perished. The position of the bodies, their half clothed condition, the clinched hand of one, the horrified expression of one of the faces which has actually been preserved, all show plainly the terrible fate which overtook them in their endeavour to escape from the city of death.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

WHEN Dionysius II. had been driven from his Syracusan throne, amid the execrations of his people, he found congenial means of subsistence in his banishment by following the vocation of a schoolmaster. It is safer to tyrannise over children than over men. The pedagogue enjoys a license in the art of tormenting, whether by the horrible monotony of school discipline as commonly administered or the violent torture of blows and flogging. His ideas, his habits, and his labours are those of an exceptional and isolated class. He values his knowledge, not as other men, for its use in application, but for what he can gain by its transmission. He sees little of the world outside the walls of his schoolroom, and there his life is that of a despot whose subjects are children. What he calls teaching is usually in itself a system of punishment, under which it is rendered difficult, dangerous, or impossible to do anything but study.

The body of a child is infinitely more sensible to pain than that of an adult. A hurt that would throw a child into a convulsion of agony might be borne by a man almost without wincing. There is a physiological reason for this arrangement, one of the innumerable beneficent provisions of Nature. Pain teaches the child to avoid physical danger, and, as a counter-balance to this acute sensibility, the frame of the child is far less susceptible to permanent injury than that of the adult. The cruel schoolmaster perverts the kindly dispensation of Providence, and, turning Nature's hand against herself, commands that the influence intended to teach the infant to maintain its equilibrium, to avoid or to be prudent in the handling of sharp instruments, and to beware of fire, shall be employed to force it to learn tasks beyond its comprehension and to conquer the healthful restlessness which leads it continually to seek for change of position and exercise of lungs and limbs.

A case which we elsewhere report furnishes the latest illustration of the schoolmaster's idiosyncrasy. The teacher in question was proved to have inflicted thirty heavy blows, each of which caused a livid weal, upon a wretched child, aged only twelve, with a doubled strap upon the bare skin. Besides this, the infant's hands displayed open wounds inflicted by the master with a cane. It may be added that the torture of the strap was perpetrated in a closed room, and that the victim was blindfolded during the operation.

We have no wish to treat this matter with any undue degree of severity. We might dwell upon the fearful idea of the poor child shut out from every sensation but that of the agony of the oft-repeated blows. We might even be tempted to inquire into the reason of the blindfolding, and find in the readiest suggestion of the cause a refinement of cruelty worthy of a fiend.

But this man appears not to have been naturally a cruel man. Indeed, like the clerical tutor who so cruelly slaughtered his pupil some time since at Brighton, he enjoyed the reputation of being a man of great humanity. Take this for what it may be worth. Of course schoolmasters do not cane their friends or acquaintances. But if the discipline be so excellent and improving as some would have us believe, why should they not? Why should not a schoolmaster bestow upon a studious friend a rap across the knuckles with a ruler, a pull of the ears, or a sound thrashing, as a token of regard, just as a poet gives an admirer a sonnet, or as an artist presents a lady with a sketch for her album?

The truth is, that the schoolmaster, according to his lights, believes he is doing right in administering severe corporal punishment. He acts upon this idea, not because he is a brute but because he is as stupid as an owl and as narrow-minded as a recluse. The poor child to whose case we have referred was thus cruelly used for "telling lies." The schoolmaster, of course, does not appear to have known that to a childish mind the first most ordinary instinct of refuge from apprehended punishment is that of resort to falsehood, and that this incentive is increased with the amount of severity to be feared. It is far easier to terrify twenty urchins into "telling lies" than to frighten one into speaking the truth. And what an example does the master set to his pupils! He wishes to be considered as the model and exemplar of truth, learning, and intelligence, and he torments them. He

proposes to teach grammar by cuts with a cane, attention by pulling their ears, numeration by blows, good behaviour and ethics by weals and blisters. Imagine for a moment the application of his system to scholars of riper years! Fancy attempting to make a surgeon by cuffing a youth's head; an engineer by the application of a "cat;" a linguist by means of a thumb-screw! Yet the idea of none of them is more absurd than that of the Reverend Mr. Hopley, who to convert a dolt into an arithmetician killed him outright.

Are there, then, it may be asked, to be no scholastic punishments? Certainly, some punishments may be not only beneficial, but necessary. It is not punishment, but cruelty, against which we would raise a voice. The cruelty of a schoolmaster is usually the strongest possible proof of his own inefficiency and incompetence. He cannot teach, and therefore he thrashes, that the pupil may learn by unnatural exertions. The pedagogue constitutes himself at once evidence, judge, and executioner. When, as in the case before us, he flagrantly oversteps all bounds of judgment, temper, and moderation, a magistrate is asked for mercy's sake to acquit him because a conviction might ruin him. And why not? Does not every man in business run the risk of ruin if he conduct such business foolishly or recklessly? If a schoolmaster be an improper person to keep a school, why should he not lose his post? And if all that he has learned can do him no better service than that of justly bringing him to the dock of the criminal, what possible good can be obtained by allowing him to teach it to any one else?

It is with no slight satisfaction that we remark the visitation of such a case as this with legal reprehension. A few years ago the corporal punishment of infants in schools to any extent short of most flagrant barbarity or irretrievable injury was placidly regarded by the Bench and by the public. The wrongs of children have at length thoroughly aroused public attention. Their cry has gone forth throughout the land, and a new race of schoolmasters is fast taking the places of the old brutalised genus of the manipulators of the ferule and the birch. What the gentle, humorous, child-loving Wilderspin did for infant education is being gradually accomplished, by less tender exponents of education, involuntarily and adversely, when they awaken public indignation by compelling the exposure of scholastic tyranny and torture.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY, after her return from Scotland about the end of this month, will remain at Windsor Castle a short time, and then proceed to Osborne. Previous to the 13th of December, the Queen will return to Windsor Castle, where it is expected her Majesty will remain to spend the Christmas, at which time the festivities of the season will be resumed.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA arrived in London on Wednesday, accompanied by their children, en route to pay a visit to her Majesty at Balmoral.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, has given birth to a son. Her Majesty and her infant are reported as doing well.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, accompanied by a numerous suite, arrived in London on Tuesday.

ALDERMAN W. LAWRENCE was on Tuesday elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

MR. MARSHALL WOOD is at present engaged in executing a figure from Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

A SPLENDID NEW EXCHANGE IN BERLIN was opened with great ceremony on Monday.

THE CROP OF WHEAT THIS YEAR is estimated to be equal to the crop of 1861 and that of 1862 added together.

THE NEW SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX—Messrs. H. W. Nissen and Charles Cave—were formally sworn in at Guildhall on Monday.

EARL ST. VINCENT has named an infant son St. Leger, in commemoration of the victory recently won by his Lordship's horse Lord Clifden.

GENERAL GILMORE commands the Federal forces attacking Charleston, and the defence is conducted by General Gillmer, in conjunction with General Beauregard.

MR. SERJEANT PIGOTT, M.P. FOR READING, has been selected to fill the vacancy in the Court of Exchequer, caused by the removal of Mr. Baron Wilde to the Divorce Court.

HORSES are cheaper in the south of England just now than they have been for a great number of years.

MR. W. W. WARREN proposes to construct ships of war which shall be impregnable and capable of discharging their guns under the water level.

MR. CAUCHON, a member of the Canadian Parliament, having determined to speak against time in a recent debate, delivered his speech first in English and then in French.

THE HERRING FISHERY makes only slow progress on the eastern coast. From Great Yarmouth it is reported that the catches have been comparatively small in extent and inferior in quality.

A NEST OF GREENFINCHES, fledged and ready to fly, has just been found in a barley-rick at Gushery, in Dorsetshire. Such a circumstance, so late in the season, is very remarkable.

MODERN HISTORY is henceforth to be studied in the French Colleges. Such writers as Hegel, Sismondi, St. Simon, Mignet, and Henri Martin have now a place in the school libraries.

AT ILLINOIS, in America, there has been a wheat-threshing contest, by rival machines, for a prize of 100 dollars. The winning machine thrashed at the rate of upwards of two bushels per minute.

THE ABLEBODIED CLERKS in the employ of the Confederate Government at Richmond have been sent into the field, their places being taken by females and invalid soldiers.

ONE HUNDRED ORCHARDS were cut through in Devonshire in constructing the South-Western Railway—a fact indicative of the extent of orchard-ground in that county.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE bring intelligence from the Caucasus which is highly unfavourable to the Russians. The Circassians are everywhere resuming the offensive.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has returned to the career of novel-writing. In his new work, the "San Felice," the subject has been borrowed from the history of Naples in the times of the sanguinary reactions of Ferdinand IV.

MOSELEY HALL, near Birmingham, was entered before ten o'clock a few evenings ago and robbed of as much plate and other articles as the thieves could conveniently pack up and carry away before the time at which they were disturbed.

IN THE GERMAN NATIONAL VEREIN, at present assembled at Dresden, the proceedings of the late Congress of Princes at Frankfurt were freely criticised, and the project of reform it had approved was denounced.

THE CHANNEL FLEET, under the command of Admiral Dares, entered Dublin Bay on Saturday morning last, and has since been visited by large numbers of the inhabitants of the Irish capital and neighbourhood.

MRS. DEUTE, of Coniston, Westmorland, and two of her children, have died in consequence of eating toadstools under the impression that they were mushrooms.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT estimate that the cost of the militia under the scheme lately proposed by them, and adopted by the Legislature, will range between 300,000 dollars, and 400,000 dollars a year, and that the cost of equipping and clothing the volunteers when raised to 35,000 in number will be about 200,000 dollars a year.

A THIEF has carried off from the "Ambrosian Library," at Milan, the whole of the autograph correspondence of the Medici with the Dukes of Milan, from 1496 to 1510. This treasure was stolen from the study of Dr. Gatti, the conservator.

THE PROJECT of converting New Caledonia into a penal colony has been for some time under consideration at the French Ministry of Marine and Colonies, and the belief is that the first batch of convicts will be sent off in the beginning of the coming year.

THROUGH TRAINS now run in connection with the Metropolitan Railway to Windsor on the Great Western, and to Hitchin on the Great Northern line, the difficulty incident to the difference of gauge being overcome by a double set of rails and carriages on the Metropolitan.

THE REV. LOUIS CAMPBELL, M.A., Vicar of Milford, Hants, has been chosen to fill the Greek Chair in the University of St. Andrew's, vacant by the appointment of Professor W. Y. Sellar to the Humanity Chair at Edinburgh.

THE COLLIER BRIG CAPTAIN COOK, of North Shields, has foundered in the North Sea during a gale of wind, and all hands have perished.

TWO ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN, the Rev. Thomas Kelly and the Rev. Samuel Isaac Walsh, were on Wednesday fined £5 each, at the Liverpool County Court, for assaulting a police-constable in the execution of his duty.

THE OPERATIONS FOR THE SUBMERSION OF THE SUBMARINE ELECTRIC CABLE between the coast of Tuscany and the Island of Elba are completed, and the telegraphic office at Porto-Ferrajo (Elba) has been opened.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON will succeed to the presidency of the Irish Society, in the room of Alderman Humphrey. The emoluments of the office are about £1000 a year.

SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON has resigned the attorney-generalship on account of ill health. He is to be succeeded in his office by Sir Roundell Palmer, now Solicitor-General; and Mr. Collier's name is mentioned in connection with the latter office.

A CONVICT, an inmate of the prison of Lesparre (Gironde), has just attempted to commit suicide from grief at seeing the expiration of his long term of imprisonment approach. He had become so accustomed to his regular daily life that he dreaded being again turned adrift on the world.

A LADY is in custody at Hull on a charge of stealing an envelope containing a number of bankers' cheques from a mail-bag. How the robbery was effected has not yet been ascertained.

THE GREEK NATIONAL ASSEMBLY has voted a sum of 150,000 drachmas for the reception of the King.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS have accepted the tender of Mr. Samuel Ridley for constructing the proposed embankment of the north side of the Thames. Mr. Ridley's estimate is £495,000.

THE DEMOLITION OF THE CITADEL OF MESSINA was commenced on the 21st ult. in the presence of the authorities. The syndic dealt the first stroke with a hammer. The city was decked out with flags on the occasion, and a "Te Deum" sung in the cathedral.

AN IRON-CLAD FRIGATE, built for the Italian Government, was launched a few days ago from the building-yard at La Seyne, near Toulon. She is of 4300 tons measurement, has engines of 700-horse power, and is to carry thirty-six guns. She takes the name of San Martino.

M. CABANEL, the painter elected to fill Horace Vernet's chair in the French Fine-Arts Academy, is the author of a beautiful Venus, which, at the exhibition of this year, divided the palm of public approbation with the Venus of M. Baudry.

IN ALGERIA, a woman having apparently died, the surgeon proceeded to make a post-mortem examination of the body. As he was about to make use of the scalpel and commence her dissection, the supposed corpse uttered a loud shriek and sat up. She had been in a state of lethargy, and awoke only just in time.

A MEMBER OF THE GREAT HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—the head of the Naples establishment—recently retired from business, and carried out, as his share of the family capital, the modest sum of £6,000,000 sterling.

THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS continues to decline. A further diminution of the numbers in receipt of relief having been reported at the meeting of the Central Executive Relief Committee on Monday. The balance of funds in bank was reported as amounting to £287,915 17s. 7d.

AN AUSTRIAN COMPANY has just organised a pleasure excursion round the world. The steamer Marco Polo is to leave Trieste on the 5th of next March, and successively visit Algiers, Gibraltar, Madeira, Saint Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, Ceylon, Nicobar, Singapore, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Panama, Lima, Monte Video, Rio Janeiro, and, lastly, Naples and Corfu. The trip is to last eight months, and cost 5000 florins (12,500*l.*)

AT NO TIME since the great exodus of the Irish people in 1848, 1849, and 1850, when famine and the fear of pestilence drove them in such immense numbers to the American shores, has there been so great and steady an Irish emigration as during the last twelve months. The average weekly arrivals at New York, during that period, have been 3000, inclusive of Germans in the proportion of about one in three.

M. NADIER'S MONSTER BALLOON has not yet ascended, but is to do so. His design is to render aerial voyaging not only instructive, but pleasant; so he has constructed reading and billiard rooms, and a photographic studio, in addition to the usual living-apartments! The car which contains these is two-storied, the upper floor being a terrace, surrounded by a strong railing or garde-fous.

IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN a proclamation was issued, whereby all parsons, vicars, and curates were enjoined "to teach and declare unto the people that they might, with safe and quiet consciences (after common prayer), in time of harvest, labour upon the holy and festival days and save the things which God had sent them; for if, by any groundless scruples of conscience, they should abstain from working on those days, they should grievously offend and displease God if the grain was thereby lost or damaged."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE had a run through Hampshire and part of Wilts, calling at Romsey. I was happy to find that our noble Premier is rusticated at Broadlands, and that he is well. Standing on the bridge which spans the swift-flowing, brawling Teste, I could see his Lordship's mansion. A wing has been added to it since I was last in the neighbourhood. It is still, however, a small house for so great a man; but probably he remembers the answer of a celebrated Minister of Queen Elizabeth. "Your house is small," said the Queen. "It will be large enough, your Majesty," said the courtly Minister, "if your Majesty does not make me too big for my house." There is nothing in the appearance of this mansion and domain specially to attract more than a passing glance from the traveller; but as the residence of Lord Palmerston it demands a pause, suggests reflection, and must be for ever famous. For consider, reader, here dwells the man who has for half a century in no small degree influenced and ruled the world, a statesman whose name has been further and wider known than that of any other man of this generation. In every capital of Europe the name of Palmerston is familiar as household words. The much-conjuring Emperor over the water knows it well, and has often felt its power, disturbing his calculations and thwarting his plans. The Greeks recognise in Palmerston one of the builders of their kingdom. I suppose that in Greece his name is as extensively known as that of Achilles. Neither will the Turks ever forget him. It was he that destroyed their fleet at Navarino. It was he that turned the tide of Russian invasion only a few years ago; and it is he that upholds, like another Atlas, the Turkish kingdom, which many think will go to ruins when he shall pass away. In the Crimea he has left his mark. Nicholas's tomb is a monument of our Premier's power; and it is said the Russian peasantry frighten their children into quietude by the mention of his name. Nor is he unknown in Persia, nor in furthest Ind. The Arabs of the desert whisper his name with awe. The Syrians, Druids, and Maronites recognise it as a power. In short, he is known everywhere. Has his power been exercised, on the whole, for evil or good? something within me asked as I stood leaning on the parapet of the bridge, but found no answer. This question must be postponed to a long date. A century hence, when the State Paper Office shall give up its secrets, history may be able to say; but no one can answer this question now.

I went into Romsey Abbey Church, of course. No traveller who has eyes in his head would fail to go there; for it is the finest parish church in the kingdom, and perhaps the best specimen of Norman architecture extant. However, I have mentioned this church in your columns before, and only notice it now to say that since my last visit an altar tomb, with a recumbent figure of Sir William Petty, the founder of the Lausdowne family, has been erected. That clever, artful, ambitious gentleman, who was one of the most dextrous climbers that ever lived, sprang from Romsey. His father was one Anthony Petty, a clothier there. His house is not standing now; but the site is known. Passing into the churchyard, I had pointed out to me a curious inscription on a gravestone erected to the memory of one Mary Dawkins, who, "having been tapped forty-six times for the dropsy, reposed in Christ, Sept., 1826." Poor wretch! she must have needed repose!

Calling at Southampton, on my way homewards, I visited the Hartley Institution, which was opened with such pomp and circumstance not long ago. It is a noble building in which this institute has found a home. The interior especially struck me as both convenient and beautiful; but I was sorry to learn that the institution does not find favour amongst the Southampton folk. It comprises a library, reading-room, and museum; and in the spacious theatre

numerous lectures by professional lecturers and volunteers are delivered during the year. The terms of admission to all these privileges are only 10s. 6d. per annum, the subscriber having the privilege to take another member of his family with him to the lectures. In Southampton and its immediate neighbourhood there cannot be less than 50,000 people. The subscribers to the Hartley Institution number under 100. When I was there, there was not a soul besides myself and an official in the reading-room, and only one visitor in the museum. In short, I heard everywhere that the thing is a failure at present; but why it is so nobody seemed able to explain.

From Southampton I went to Netley Hospital. This vast pile, measuring a quarter of a mile in length, is an imposing structure; and from the Southampton Water, on the bank of which it stands, it looks very grand; but here, as in so many of our modern buildings, the dome is ineffective. Why do our modern architects attempt domes? It is clear that they do not understand these things. The dome of St. Paul's is, as far as I know, the only one in England that is not a failure; and until another Sir Christopher Wren shall arise, I do not think we shall ever have another. I remember that, during the erection of Netley Hospital, there was an immense clatter about it in the House of Commons. Some said that it is in the wrong place, the situation not being healthy; others that it was built upon a bad plan, there being no possibility of getting a thorough draught in the wards. Mr. Bernal Osborne, I remember, was very feeble in his criticisms. But all these objections, I think, would vanish if the objectors would go and inspect the building. As to the site, it is a deep bed of gravel, on the bank of a broad tidal water, and stands about fifty feet above the water-line. The situation struck me as being everything that could be wished for. Nor is the allegation true that no thorough draught can be got. It is true that the windows on one side of the wards open into a corridor, but then the side of the corridor next to the open air is pierced by innumerable windows; indeed, the external wall is nearly all window. In short, anyone may see at a glance that this allegation is utterly false. The baths in this building struck my fancy very forcibly. There are hot-baths, vapour-baths, steam-baths, shower-baths, Turkish-baths, and a capacious swimming-bath. The latter is capital, and even elegant. And here let it be noted that the water of this is not stagnant, but always on the flow. The building will hold 2000 patients. There were lately in it 1600. There are now only seventy. The supply of patients is fitful. It depends upon the arrival of troops from our distant stations. And now a word or two upon the church. In this church there are three services every Sunday—one for the Church of England, one for the Roman Catholics, and one for the members of the Scottish Kirk. Only think of that, reader! The like of it I never saw before. One would think that the millennium of the Prophets must be near. Of course, the church has not been consecrated, for consecration meaneth setting apart, and when such a building has been consecrated or set apart for the Church of England no other sect can use it.

I called at Netley Abbey on my way back; but of this well-known show ruin I will say no more than that it is now in good hands, excavations have been made, rubbish has been cleared away, and, as far as possible, the destruction of this fine relic of mediæval times—which seemed at one time imminent—has been arrested. On my way to town I could not forbear stopping a day at the fine old town of Winchester, to have a peep once more at the cathedral and the Hospital of St. Cross. I have little to say about them, though. Old William of Wykeham, the founder of New College at Oxford, and St. Mary's College, Winchester, and a wonderful man and good in his day and generation, lies calm and perfect as ever on his altar-tomb, though strange doings have been enacted, and stranger changes have occurred since he was first laid there. Harry VIII.'s ruthless emissaries have played sad havoc with ecclesiastical monuments, and Oliver Cromwell's cannon has roared from the neighbouring hills since then, but he slept through it all. Not far off lies another notable ecclesiastical—to wit, Shakspeare's Cardinal Beaufort, who died and made no sign. The Cardinal is clothed in his scarlet hat and robes; and the colour looks as fresh as if it had been painted only a few years ago. If you have any poetry in your soul, reader, it will be worth while to drop down to Winchester by an excursion-train, if only to see the tombs of these two notable men—that of William of Wykeham especially, for a grander man than he has seldom visited this lower sphere. But I must close this account of my wanderings. I will, however, having given one curious epitaph, finish with another, which was pointed out to me in the cathedral burial-ground. It runs thus:—

Here sleeps a Hampshire grenadier,
Who died from drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, beware of his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all.

This epitaph became defaced, and was restored by certain officers of the garrison, when this couplet was added:—

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he dies by musket or by pot.

The week has produced two grievances. The first permeates artistic circles, and its cause is the place of interment of the late Professor Cockerell. Painters are loudly expressing their astonishment that the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral should be opened to the coffin of an architect, however distinguished (and of Mr. Cockerell's talent and courtesy there cannot be two opinions), while Leslie and Muirhead lie in Kensal-green. Both these great painters were far more distinguished than Mr. Cockerell, their names were known far and wide, throughout the Continent and the colonies, and will remain "footprints in the sands of time" long after the late professor of architecture, ay, and probably several of his successors, are forgotten.

The other grievance is amongst the lawyers, who want to know what Serjeant Pigott has done to entitle him to his recently-acquired judgeship, and why that really eminent man Serjeant Shee has been again passed over. Mr. Pigott sat as M.P. for Reading (which borough, by-the-way, is very fertile in judgeships, having produced Talfourd, Keating, and Pigott), and is described as an amiable, pleasant, kindhearted man enough. But when you find him taking the *pas* of such lawyers of experience as Lush, Bovill, Shee, Collier, and Chambers, one cannot compliment Lord Palmerston on his honesty in legal appointments, at any rate.

Our Australian cousins seem determined to read us a lesson on the folly and injustice of transporting our criminals to their colony, for they have pledged themselves to pass a law banishing their criminals to England should Western Australia be again selected as a penal settlement. This is turning the tables with a vengeance! But, apart from its grim humour, the threat is meaningless; for, as the Governor would of course summarily veto any such bill, there is no chance of its passing into law; and the clever head who suggested this practical form of protest will be doubtless satisfied at having given the old-country legislators a sharp rap on the knuckles.

And, apropos of colonial matters, I have just heard a very disagreeable story, in which Colonel Hill, O.B., the Governor of Sierra Leone, two legal functionaries of the same saubrious spot, and the Duke of Newcastle prominently figure. Mr. Fitz-James, a half-caste native of Trinidad, late a member of the English Bar and Queen's Advocate for the colony, squabbles with Mr. Marston, the Crown prosecutor, who, it is alleged, makes insulting comments upon the Queen's Advocate's coloured blood. The Governor, on being appealed to, decides against Mr. Fitz-James; and in the next stage of the drama a Mr. Salmon honourably reports to Colonel Hill a private conversation in which his conduct has been freely criticised. It is no joke to pass strictures on a military Governor, as poor Mr. Fitz-James finds to his cost, for he is at once charged before the Council with having used libellous and seditious language, is suspended, and, on the papers being sent home for confirmation, is finally dismissed. A strong feeling is expressed by those conversant with the case that a grave injustice has been committed; for the talebearer was not, it is said, even put upon oath, and, as his testimony was uncorroborated in any way, the apparently harsh verdict of the Colonial

Office will not improbably be made the subject of inquiry soon after the meeting of the House.

From the time of King David to that of Mr. Horace Mann population returns have inspired interest and roused controversy. Mr. Mann's exhaustive labours in settling the numbers of each religious denomination throughout the country, and the lucid form in which those numbers are given to the world, endeared him to the heart of every statistician. But he has a rival. Archdeacon Denison is in the field, and, though he does not tabulate his information with the exactitude of Mr. Mann, still a recent paper of his "On the Numerical Strength of Dissenters" is enriched with quotations and illustrations of so forcible a kind as to make it an invaluable addition to the religious statistics of the country. The learned Archdeacon not only shows us that there are more Church-of-England children, more Church-of-England marriages, and more Church-of-England burials than the entire dissenting body can possibly claim, but—O climax of bathos!—goes on to prove that there are more Church of England converts than of any other persuasion. He gives us figures from Millbank Prison, and apparently derives an inexplicable satisfaction in showing that, whereas there are only eight Wesleyans undergoing punishment within its walls, it holds in duration 326 peccant sons and daughters of the Church. Is not this proving rather too much? Hear the Archdeacon complacently pluming himself upon his facts: "These are not a class of people," he writes, "who may be presumed to be peculiarly and especially attached to the Church of England; but the report has this value, that the statements are taken from the prisoners' own lips, and are not founded on the vague views of political and religious theorists." The notion of Mr. William Sykes conferring on doctrinal points with his friend Toby Crackit, and the possibility of either of those worthies being "peculiarly and especially attached" to his own form of worship, is surely the perfection of grave, unconscious irony.

After many pros and cons—after witnesses have been examined and evidence given, with all the usual dogmatism, and more than the usual prolixity—the scheme for amalgamating the Customs and Inland Revenue departments has been declared to be impracticable. Those best conversant with the details of these offices have never faltered in their opinion; but there has been undue importance given to the scheme, through the mistaken earnestness of its originator, the chairman of the Committee, Mr. Horsfall. The blue-books in which the proceedings are recorded, and to which no recommendation is appended, for the simple reason that the Committee could not come to a decision, are curiosities in their way. While the experienced witnesses were, as a rule, dead against the proposal, and were ready with their reasons for declaring it to be unsound, those from Liverpool, almost to a man, supported their member with touching loyalty, one old gentleman being ready to forfeit his position "if he did not easily and satisfactorily carry out an amalgamation which officials (not of Liverpool) showed to be impossible." Who has given Mr. Horsfall credit for the winning persuasiveness he evidently possesses, and why does he not exercise his glamour in the House?

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief is being severely criticised for shortcomings in the appointment of commanding officers. It is freely stated that within the last year or two officers have been selected for high posts who do not possess the necessary qualifications, and the chief of our forces in China is significantly pointed at as a case in point. On the other hand, there is difficulty in inducing Generals to accept colonial appointments, and it is as notorious that a division in India was unhesitatingly refused but a short time ago as that New Zealand was offered in vain to several officers before it was accepted by General Cameron. The evil appears to be that these positions are offered only to Generals, or to those who fill a high place on the list. There are, it is said, numbers of Colonels, now eligible for any command, who would gladly accept a division; and it is held to be a substantial grievance that the working men of the army should not have the rewards as well as the work. Seniority, parent of so many grave disasters, is scotched, not killed; and until posts of a critical character are filled by the most capable men, we may expect not merely dissatisfaction in the messroom and clubs, but evil consequences to the country.

A less important matter, whereon military gossip has fastened itself, has been some internal derangement at the Army and Navy Club. A general meeting was summoned for the 21st inst., and the strongest opinions were expressed as to its result. But before the day, it was announced that a certain Captain "had ceased to be a member," and that the meeting was in consequence no longer necessary. More significant of the feeling of the club than complimentary to the gallant Captain, this!

What is the next sin to be laid to the charge of "sensational" novelists? A grave medical authority declares that the notion of self-destruction is suggested and encouraged throughout the two most popular novels of the day, and asserts that a school is springing up in England, who teach, with Seneca, the becomingness and beauty of suicide. Have you observed this? I have read the so-called sensation novels with equal earnestness and delight, but I have suffered none of the moral deterioration so feelingly alluded to by this medical authority. In truth, is not the parrot cry of "sensational" becoming a little tedious? It is certainly a new doctrine that our "statistical despairs," as Mrs. Browning has it, are to be attributed to the baleful influence of the writer of fiction. Making every allowance for the carplings and engravings which are the inevitable accompaniments of literary success, this last cry-out-herods Herod in the absurdity of its injustice. If this kind of generous criticism goes on, we shall have some learned theorist connecting the breaking out of small-pox with the appearance of a serial, or maintaining that the prevalence of diphtheria is attributable to the abundance of new books.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

London Society is decidedly improving its letterpress. There was plenty of room for such improvement, for a feeble amateurish tone pervaded the publication, and the labours of the writers formed but a tame supplement to the taking handiwork of the draughtsmen and engravers. The illustrations still remain good, though I miss some of the artists who first gave the periodical a character. The acute expression of pain on the face of the young lady in the frontispiece suggests rather "her first stomach-ache" than "Her first Season," the title it bears. But there is a charming combination of figure and landscape by Mr. Morten, four characteristic sketches by Mr. Bennett (by far the best of them "The Churchwarden"), and a clever bit of modern girl-and-swell-life, by Miss F. Claxton. The letterpress, as I have said, is better. It is nearly all whipped trifle, the nearest approach to a *pièce de résistance* being a family history of the Cavendishes; but it is pleasant pabulum. Mr. Arthur Sketchley sends an account of "Mrs. Brown's Excursion," which, allowing for its Gamp plagiarism, is amusing enough; there are sensible papers on "Fags and Fagging," and "The Mart in Mincing-lane," and plenty of light reading in the other contributions. A little poem on Hop-picking, signed with a name new to me, "King Smith," is pretty fresh and nice; but the author of "Her First Season" has his own notions of scanning. To repeat his line—

Let that knowledge make the sky now become clearer,
is like riding in the *char-à-banc* the first stage out of Chamouni. Mr. Trollope's "Small House at Allington" still continues the chief attraction of the *Cornhill*, and is really excellent. It is astonishing to see by what slight threads the story can be kept together and real interest sustained, and to notice with what fidelity here reproduces the commonplaces of everyday conversation. This last is a very rare accomplishment, and has not been seen since Miss Austen's time. The new story, "Out of the World," which promised to be of some length, is concluded in this number, somewhat abruptly; it is very painful, but closely written, and reminds one much of the style of "The Story of Elizabeth." The rest of the number is sheer padding: "Sea-fights, Ancient and Modern," descriptive, interesting, and self-gratulatory; the "House of Commons from the Ladies' Gallery," very poor stuff indeed, nothing novel in it, and silly flippant; "In the Land of the Eisteddfod,"

which is not a description of the late Swansea gathering, as might be imagined; and "The Miseries of a Dramatic Author," which reproduces all that has been said about this peculiar race since Theodore Hook's time, but makes amends by telling some stories which have probably not previously penetrated into our theatrical regions.

The *Victoria* opens with an essay on "The Art of Shakspeare, as Revealed by Himself," which is well written and better meant, as the writer is occasionally carried away by his feelings into outbursts rather savouring of rant. Mr. Adolphus Trollope's serial story is of the somniferous order, slow and sluggish as the waters of the Scheldt. Mr. Nassau Senior's "Journal Kept in Egypt" is full of amusing anecdotes, one of which I extract:—

Mrs. Bonfort was out; but her youngest child, about a year and a half old, was brought in, in the arms of its nurse, a girl of fourteen. "I took that girl," said M. Bonfort, "into my service on the birth of my child, as a widow. Her husband was a soldier, had sailed with the contingent to Constantinople, leaving her the mother of an Egyptian infant, and was supposed to be dead. When she came into my family her infant was left with her aunt and died. A few months ago the husband returned, found his child dead and his wife in service, and came to my house, in great wrath, to claim her. She was exceedingly frightened, clinging to me for protection, and implored to be allowed to remain with us. The husband said that he could not do without a wife; that she had cost him, in dowry and clothes, four guineas and a half; and that he must have her back. 'She has cost you,' I said, 'four guineas and a half. If I give you five guineas will you divorce her?' 'With the utmost pleasure,' he answered. 'So I sent for witnesses. He repeated in their presence the formal words, 'I divorce thee once, I divorce thee twice, I divorce thee thrice'; and she has remained with me ever since. But she is still so young that I am forced to keep a woman to look after her." "If she was a mother two years ago," I asked, "when was she married?" "When she was between ten and eleven," answered M. Bonfort; "that is a common age. My wife married late; she was fifteen."

If I mistake not Mr. Senior has other journals of his tours in various countries; it is to be hoped that he will give them to the world. A pretty poem, "The Lighthouse-keeper's Child," and a good readable article on German society and German wine, are among the contents.

There is not much to notice in *Blackwood*, save the commencement of a new story, "Tony Butler," the conclusion of the Caxtoniana essays, a very clever paper on "Sheridan Knowles," which should be read by all the rising generation to whom the veteran playwright was unknown, and a capital historical and descriptive article on "Harrow School."

The most noticeable feature in *Temple Bar* is a story called "Louis Horn," which is written with very great skill and power, and the opening chapter of which is graphic in the highest degree. Mr. Sala's "Bad Time for Tummosi" is the description of a trial which he witnessed on his recent visit to Venice, told with his usual minuteness of detail; and there is a very pleasant paper reminiscent of the old Faubourg St. Germain, and entitled "De Mortuis."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

A MOST pronounced and decided success was achieved on Monday night at the NEW ROYALTY by the production of a mythological extravaganza, called "Ixion; or, the Man at the Wheel." Old playgoers may remember that some twenty years ago a burlesque upon the same subject was produced at the Lyceum. It was in the pre-Keeleyan era, and, I think, when the theatre was called the English Opera House. I forget the name of the author of "Life in the Clouds," but I remember the piece perfectly. The contrast between the past and present version of the story of "Ixion" exactly marks the difference of the taste of the audiences of 1843 and 1863. "Life in the Clouds" was a capital burlesque. "Ixion" is an excellent extravaganza. In the old piece the Olympian gods were played by actors and the goddesses by actresses. In the new one, with two exceptions, the gods are personated by the gentler sex; and in one instance a goddess is enacted by a man. Puns, though not so plentiful twenty years ago as now, were very good—as puns go.

It may not be indiscreet to quote some of the lines that "hit" the public hardest on Monday last. Mercury, a Celestial-telegraph boy, descends with Jupiter's eagle to convey Ixion to Olympus:—

Mercury. Olympus, Lympos, room for one outside!
Ixion. That form—
Mercury. Ixion, art prepared to fly
Up through the murky air with Mercury?
Ixion. If you're Jove's messenger, I do not care.
Mercury. Yes, I am Jupiter's commissionaire,
Who, tho' my office do somewhat vary,
Am now intrusted with commission airy.
I'm to conduct you to Jove's palace regal,
And here, my Royal Grecian, is the Eagle.
Eagle. Come, Mercury, don't chatter.
Ixion. Can he speak?
Mercury. You hear the usual caution from the beak.

Again, Ixion, surprised at the dishes offered to him in Olympus, remarks:—

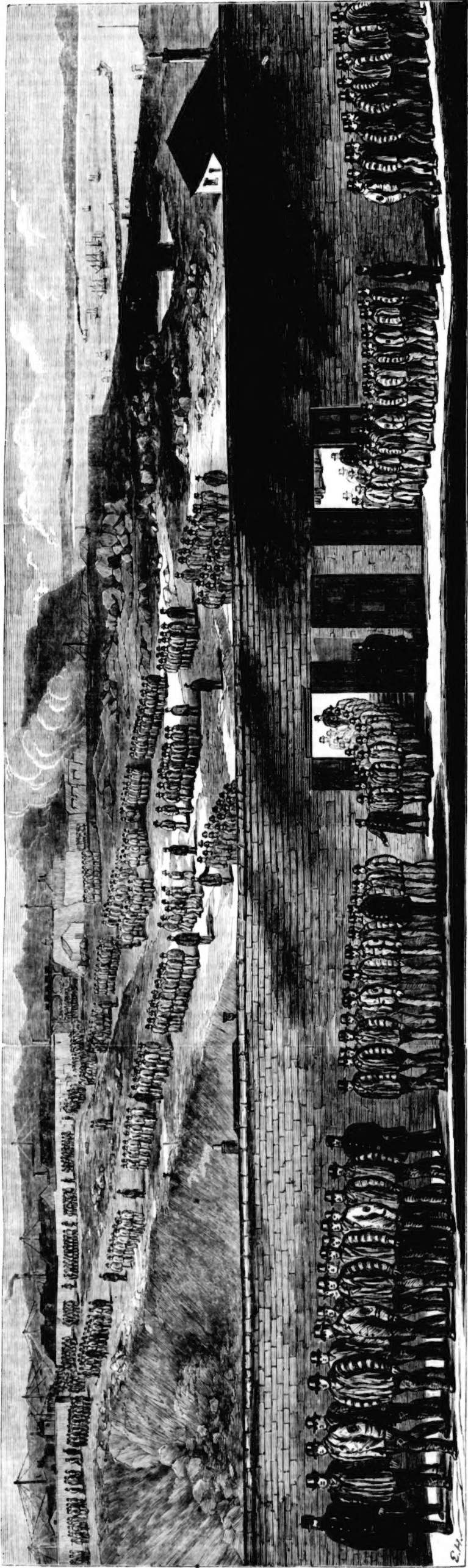
There is no dearth
Of mortal food in common use on earth,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, in every variety.
Minerva. They are acclimated by our society.
Ixion. That was a curious dish of crocodile.
The sauce—
Minerva. Was Grant and Spike's sauce of the Nile.
Ixion. That rain'd ow hash.
Minerva. By rainbow hash, Sir, you
Hashedredly must mean an Iris stew.

Among so numerous a dramatis persone I can only mention the most prominent characters. Miss Jenny Willmore was sprightly and graceful as Ixion, Miss Blanche Elliston dignified as Juno, and Miss Ada Cavendish handsome as Venus, and I mean the compliment literally. Mr. James gave the lines allotted to Mercury with great point, and Mrs. Charles Selby was fully equal to Mrs. Charles Selby in the two short parts of Dia and Melpomene. The most marked impression, however, was made by Mr. Felix Rogers as Minerva, and, if this gentleman should have one or two other such impersonations in his repertoire, his presence in London will be required permanently; and so, with a word in praise of Miss Rosina Wright and a well-arranged ballet, and a mention of "calls" made for the scene-painter for a starry Juno's drawing-room, and for Mr. Burnand and Mrs. Selby at the fall of the curtain, I may conclude my duty of chronicler of a deserved and genuine success.

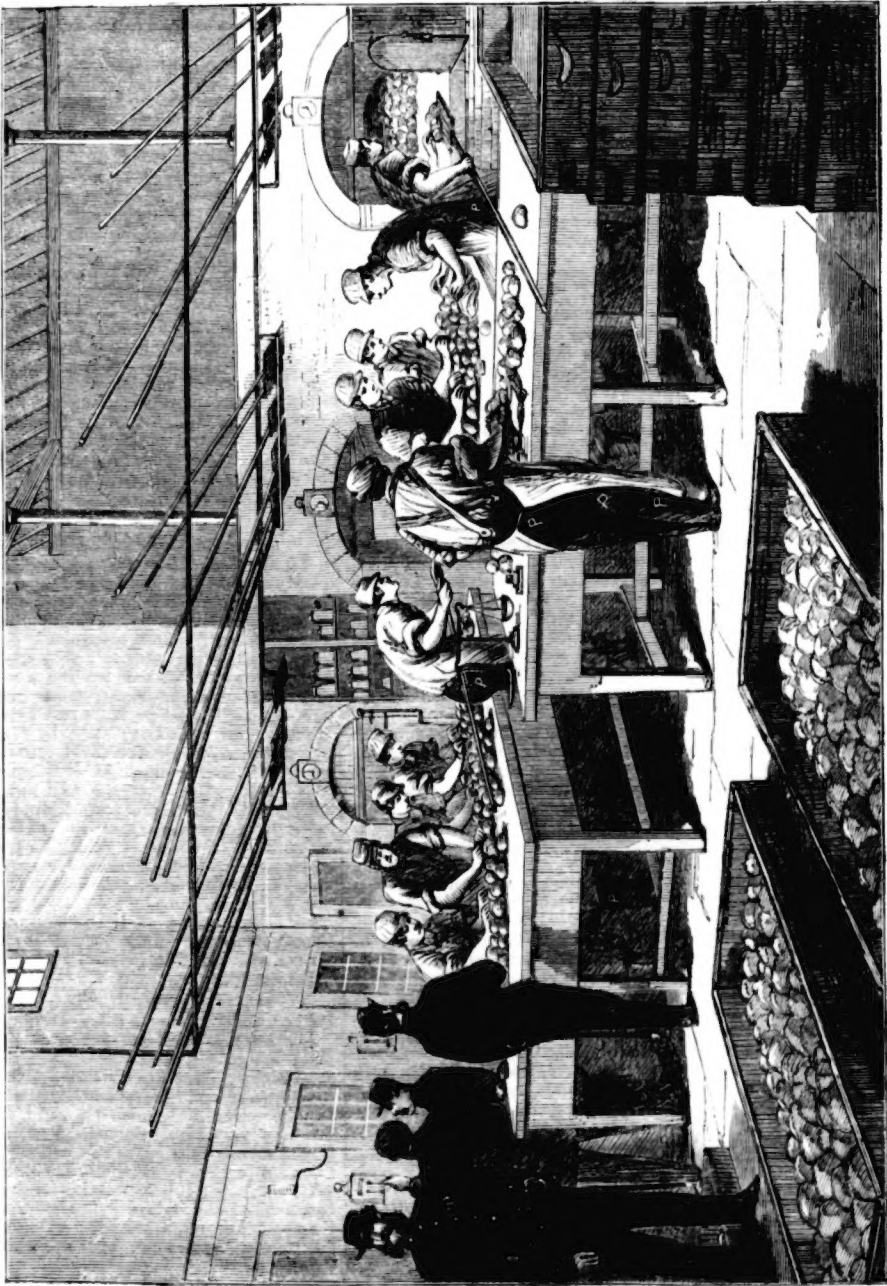
If Herr Frikell was the king of conjurers, then is Herr Herrmann the prestidigitator emperor. My limits will not permit me to do justice to the marvellous sleight-of-hand feats of this most accomplished of magicians. I can but mention three facts that distinguish him from other professors of the art diabolical. He has no apparatus, he "gathers" what he requires—such articles as eggs and lemons—from the whiskers of the spectators, and performs the majority of his tricks, not on the distant stage, but standing on a platform in the midst of his audience. Seeing is believing; and I hope your readers will go and witness Herr Herrmann's wonderful performance at the Princess's; for, if I were to attempt to describe, I might be reasonably accused of saying the thing that was not.

APPEAL OF THE VENETIAN COMMITTEE OF ACTION.—The *Unita Italiana* of Milan publishes a stirring appeal from the Venetian Committee of Action to the Italians of Venetia, dated the 12th of September. It calls on the Italians to prepare for deeds: to have but one idea—deliverance; but one password—Italy; and to procure arms, ammunition, and everything necessary for commencing a struggle. The conspiracy, it says, must be permanent and continuous; the duty of the Venetians is to maintain it, whilst that of the Committee of Action is to hasten the moment and to give the signal.

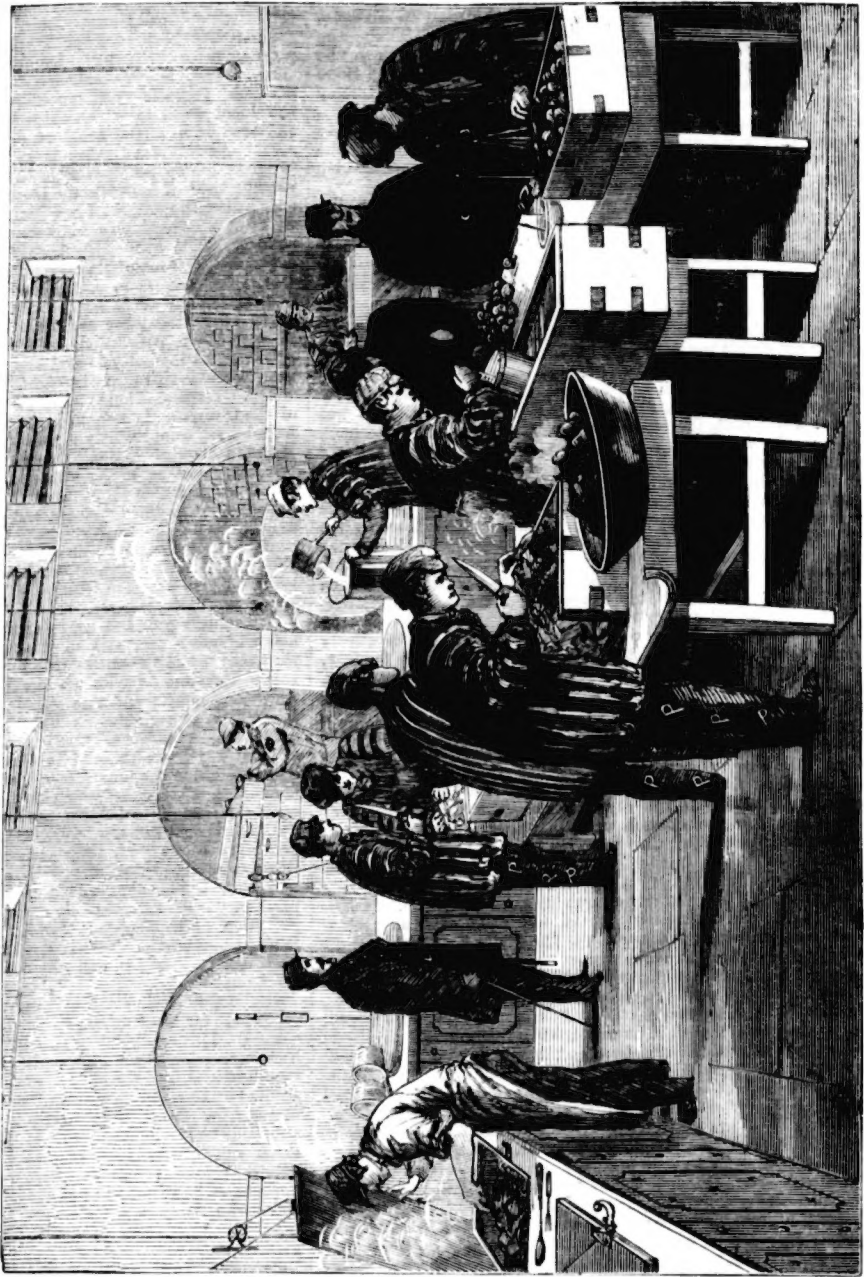
A FRENCH ADAPTATION.—In "Aurora Floyd," which everybody just now is running after in Paris, in one scene, that of Mr. Mellish's stable-yard, jockeys in full costume are being weighed, and there is a coronet over all the armorial shields; in another, Mr. Mellish himself, otherwise represented as a perfect gentleman, robbes his dinner like a clown in a pantomime. The whole fun of one scene is that not one word of what he utters, though the "action" is of great interest, is intelligible, owing to his hurry, and his mouth being perfectly full all the time. This is received with roars of laughter, and is held to be a correct delineation of English manners! Mrs. Powell, the ex-governess, always wears a bonnet, even at dinner and in the drawing-room; and the hop feast in Kent takes place in the midst of mountain scenery, where the peasantry are dressed in Highland costume, and dance Scotch reels.



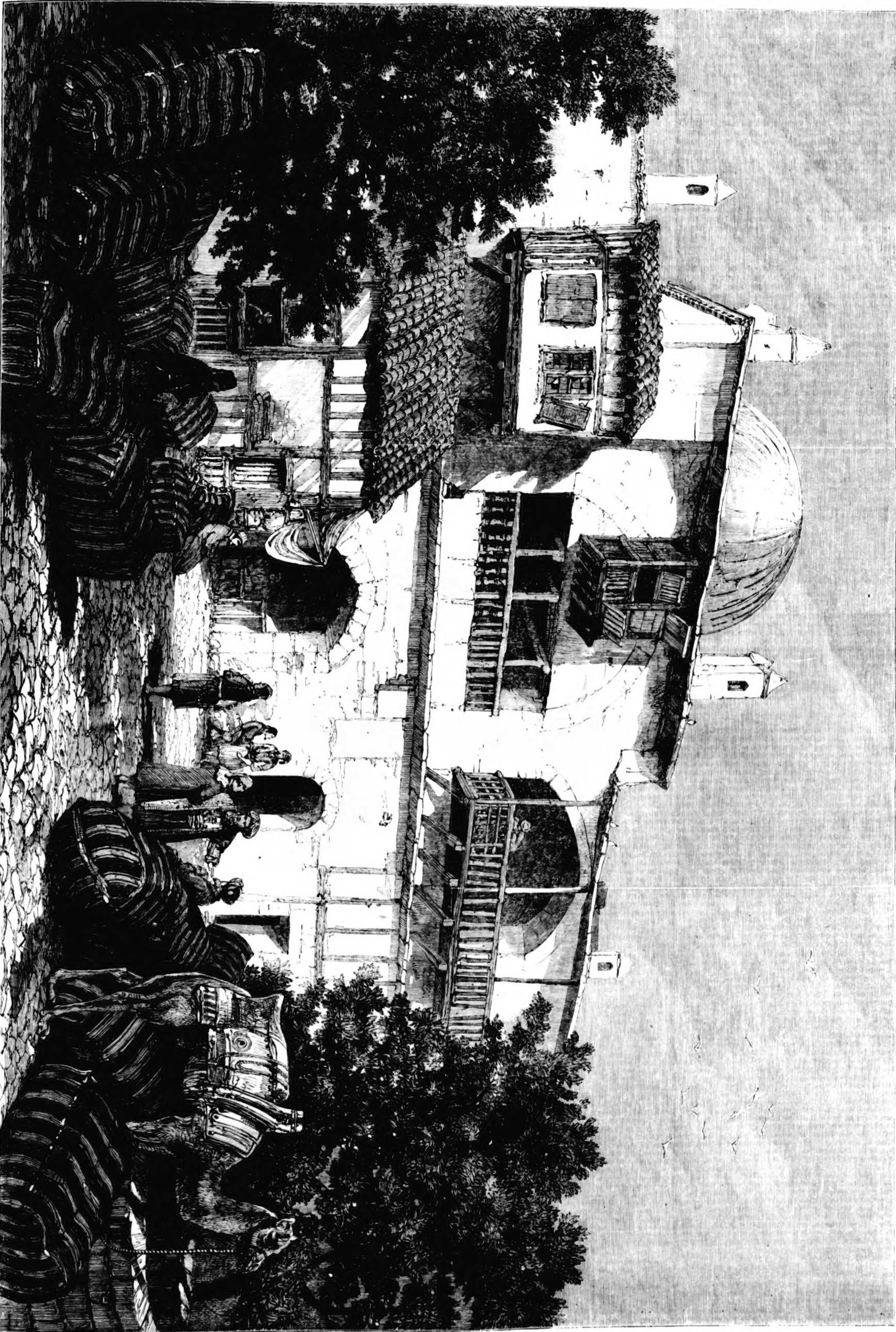
THE CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE ISLE OF PORTLAND.—CONVICTS RETURNING FROM LABOUR.—SEE PAGE 219.



BAKEHOUSE, PORTLAND PRISON.—SEE PAGE 219.



KITCHEN, PORTLAND PRISON.—SEE PAGE 219.



THE COTTON BAZAAR AT SMYRNA.

SMYRNA.

SMYRNA, the Ismir of the Turk, is a large, thriving city, situated at the head of a deep gulf in Asia Minor, of which country it is the great emporium. In its hourly arrival long lines of caravans of camels laden with the produce of more eastern lands; its bazaars are crowded with the merchandise of the East, and its stores filled with European commodities brought there in exchange for Asiatic produce.

The city is beautifully situated at the base of a lofty hill, upon which stand the remains of a Genoese castle. Of Greek antiquities, only fragments are to be seen here and there, built in with the coarse rubble of the middle age architecture—fine blocks of white marble may be found, and even portions of the shafts of columns are sometimes used as piers to the walls of the gardens. The energy and talents of the Genoese must have been extraordinary, for the remains of their works are to be met with all along the shores of the countries of the East—in the Greek Archipelago, the Bosphorus, the shores of the Black Sea, and in Asia Minor; but, unfortunately, they had no veneration for the classic remains they found in the countries they conquered and colonised, but looked upon them as to many stone quarries, from which to draw a supply of materials with which to build their own rude works of defence. The consequence is that, wherever the Genoese or Venetians got a footing, the antique remains disappeared or lost their identity.

Smyrna is a very picturesque place, full of Eastern peculiarities. In the bazaars, second only to those in Stamboul, specimens of the inhabitants of all the countries of the East may be found congregated—Arabs, Tartars, Greeks, Levantines, and Turks. The rich dresses of the people and the richer goods exhibited for sale make up a fine picture, as seen in these deep shady avenues, pierced as they are occasionally by a "brilliant ray" of sunlight. The architecture of the khans, which are numerous, is not less so; nor are the square open spaces devoted to the business carried on in peculiar articles of Asiatic produce, such as wool, oil, silk, fruit, cotton, &c. Our illustration represents one of these places where the cotton is collected and stored. It is brought from far-off places in Asia Minor on the backs of camels—each camel carrying two or more large packs. The cotton is packed in striped horsehair bags, without extra pressing. It varies much in quality, some being very fine and long, while other portions are of an inferior character. The cotton known as Smyrna cotton has long been sought for in this country as especially adapted to the manufacture of candlewicks, no other description answering so well for that purpose. Fruit, however, is the great article of export at Smyrna, and chiefly consists of raisins and figs, thousands of tons of which are shipped annually to all parts of Northern Europe and the United States. The figs are grown in the immediate neighbourhood, and, having been gathered up by women, are carried into the city to the packers, who sort them into different classes, according to quality. They are then placed in drums and boxes, neatly packed in layers, the best on the top for show. A few leaves are placed over them, and they are then nailed down ready for shipment. It is a curious fact that from all boxes containing figs a number of caterpillars are sure to emanate, generally while on board ship. The fig-packers say that every fig when it is packed contains a caterpillar, the germ of which is deposited in the flowers of the fig-tree previous to the fruit being formed. The finest figs are those marked "Eleme figs," that word signifying in the Turkish language "first quality."

THE REVENUE.

	Quarter end Sept. 30, 1862.	Quarter end Sept. 30, 1863.	Year end Sept. 30, 1862.	Year end Sept. 30, 1863.	Year ended Sept. 30, 1863.
	£	£	£	£	£
Customs...	6,201,000	5,872,000	23,864,000	23,771,000	92,000
Excise ...	3,604,000	3,922,000	17,430,000	16,992,000	438,000
Stamps ...	2,180,000	2,191,000	8,824,915	9,146,000	321,085
Taxes ...	166,000	176,000	3,169,000	3,193,000	23,000
Property-tax	974,000	866,000	10,532,000	10,605,000	73,000
Post Office	893,000	935,000	3,461,000	3,769,000	308,000
Crown Lands	67,000	68,000	296,520	301,500	4,970
Miscellaneous	513,983	411,504	2,019,074	2,728,882	709,808
Total	14,609,983	14,111,504	69,645,540	70,191,382	1,338,842
Net Increase					808,842

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GOVERNMENT.—Earl Russell was entertained on Saturday last at Biarritz by the tenants on the Melkour estate, where he had been staying for some weeks. In a speech which he made he spoke of the surpassing interest of foreign affairs. He briefly alluded to what had been done in Italy; and then, turning to Poland, said that, while fully prepared to hold to everything he had done in reference to that country, he did not think it would be proper for England to go to war for Poland. As to Mexico, he justified the part which England originally took in the expedition to that country. That expedition was undertaken to intervene between the Mexican Government and the subjects of this country who had been wronged. But when it became a question of intervening in the internal affairs of Mexico, England withdrew. If, however, the Mexicans chose to have an Emperor to rule over them let them by all means have one. His Lordship referred at considerable length to the war in America, and vindicated the policy which had been pursued by the Government of which he is a member. As to the fitting out of ships in our ports for the Confederates, he declared that whatever could be done should be done to stop it, even though Parliament had to be asked to pass new measures on the subject. At the same time nothing would be done which would be contrary to British law, and there would be no yielding to foreign menace. The speech was very well received. In a short address subsequently Earl Russell is reported to have said that there was very little difference between Lord Palmerston and Earl Derby, so far as home policy was concerned, though, on the whole, he thought the former governed much better than the latter would. As regarded political changes, he thought the feeling of the country, in which he fully concurred, was that enough had been done for the present, and that we should now "rest and be thankful."

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Captain Sir Edward Perrot, Bart., V.P., in the chair. A payment of £7 10s. 6d. was ordered to be made to defray the expenses of the Southport life-boat of the institution for rescuing the master's wife and child and twelve of the crew of the barque St. Lawrence, of Liverpool, which, during a gale of wind and heavy surf, had stranded on the Salthouse sandbank, on the Lancashire coast, on the 20th ult. The captain and three of the crew refused to leave the vessel, and the Lytham life-boat, which also belongs to the institution, afterwards put off with the view of saving them; but, as they remained firm in their determination not to quit the ship, the life-boat returned to the shore. The institution voted £8 to pay the expenses of the service. It was reported that the Lytham life-boat ultimately succeeded in bringing the vessel into port, much to the satisfaction of the owner, who witnessed the persevering and gallant exertions of the life-boat's crew, to whom he made a very handsome present. Both life-boats behaved admirably while engaged in these services. A reward of £15 10s. was also voted to pay the expenses of the Walmer life-boat of the institution in putting off, on the night of the 23rd ult., in a tremendous storm, in reply to signals from the light-vessel on the Goodwin Sands indicating a ship in distress. On reaching the sands no vessel could be discerned, and, after searching for some time, the life-boat anchored on the edge of the sands and remained until daylight, when she returned to the shore. It was found on the following morning that a schooner had grounded on the sands, but had fortunately got off before the arrival of the life-boat. Various other rewards were also voted to the crews of shore boats for exertions in saving life from different wrecks. A resolution was passed expressive of the institution's deep sympathy with the widow of the late Admiral Washington, F.R.S., Hydrographer to the Admiralty. The gallant Admiral had, during a long series of years, rendered important service to the life-boat cause, and materially assisted, in conjunction with the Duke of Northumberland, in rescuing the National Life-boat Institution in 1851. It was reported that the late Milborne Williams, Esq., of Whitchurch, Somerset, had left the institution a legacy of £50. It was also stated that the institution had life-boats ready to be sent to Eastbourne, Arklow, and Leighmouth. The Rev. R. S. Sutton, Rector of Rye, near Hurst Green, had sent the society £3 8s. 6d., as a thank-offering for his congregation for the abundant harvest of the present year. Michael Steel, Esq., of Beabroke House, had forwarded to the institution a liberal donation of £100. Payments amounting to £560 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY, of educational acquirements indicative of the high degree of civilisation afforded in the schools of the model Republic, is said to have lately addressed the following letter to a cousin:—"We are all well, and mother's got the little Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kang, and sister Ann has got a baber, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite soon. Your affectionate kuzen."

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 202.)

CHAPTER XV.

Revenge, however deadly, is in civilised society rather a slow poison; and Lady Julia, though she at once accepted and recognised her malign mission as a vessel of wrath, found no immediate vent for the virus with which her whole existence was charged.

She had fallen into the usual error of youth, relying too much on her single handed dexterity and attempting too rapid results. She would take a larger area of time and bring wider influences to bear.

She would first of all devote herself to conquering a more advantageous fulcrum for the leverage of power. Like Archimedes, she must find her *NOT STON* before she could move the world.

As an unmarried woman, she was helpless and dependent. She must become a great lady, the head of a great establishment, with the command of unlimited means, and a husband beneath the shelter of whose nominal protection she could do as she pleased.

It is very possible that her anticipations of the power she could wield under the most ample fulfilment of her foreshadowed conditions were very visionary. But it is the dream of almost every wilful and ambitious young lady to be placed in some such position; and in dreams it is natural for them to conceive themselves capable of wonderful feats if only such and such preliminaries could be realised.

But for the Asperhythes she would already have been in a splendid worldly position, and there was a certain appropriateness (besides the opportunity of taking up an important loop in her web of vengeance) in making a stepping-stone out of her original stumbling-block. On *revient à ses premiers amours*. She resolved, by hook or by crook, to secure the recreant Marquis De Vergund, and to this not very cheerful task she applied an energy, ingenuity, and perseverance which years did not blunt nor slacken, nor intermediate flirtations turn aside.

She would never have succeeded, and probably never would have attempted it, if Ulrica had survived to enjoy the munificent provision for her widowhood, or even to tell her mother the story of her wrongs. Hemorrhage supervened, and she sank very rapidly.

Old Lady De Vergund was at Bath warding off a threat of relapse from her rheumatic fever when the news of Lord Tintagel's death reached her, not without some delay. She showed great energy and promptitude; but she was too late to find her daughter alive.

She took undisputed possession of her noble grandson, and, in due time, carried him and Mrs. La Pine and the wet nurse to Adderslough. Lady Julia, before she quitted Paris with her grandmother for (Lady Wolverstone was earlier on the spot than Lady De Vergund), attended the young Earl's levée, and playfully called particular attention to a permanent mark on his right shoulder, which she said she would know him by when she saw him again.

And when she saw him again the mark was still there. The little boy was not strong, and had his fair proportion of infant maladies; but he obstinately declined to die for his sister's benefit. Perhaps her anxiety about him helped to keep him alive.

When he was between two and three years old he strikingly resembled the infantine portrait of John Jarnwith in that domestic group which the reader may remember Margaret Strensal copying.

Old Lady De Vergund doted on him, partly because he was the only tangible proceeds of her otherwise unfortunate investment of Lady Ulrica, and partly because the infant, with his teethings and tawling ailments, enlivened her old age with a perpetual harass of solicitude for his preservation.

Julia continued to be on good terms with her half-brother's grandmamma. She had never done anything to condemn herself in the old lady's eyes. At Naples, it may be remembered, Lady De Vergund had occasion to admire her fortitude and pity her distress on "dear Mordant's" desertion of her. Julia had behaved pretty well during the journey to England under her charge. Julia had been a contemplated daughter-in-law and a substituted recipient of the maternal solldings during Ulrica's first absence.

Julia had sufficiently matured her schemes by the time of the bereaved mother's arrival in Paris to be amiable to the poor old woman, and to treat her with tenderness and consideration.

And so it came about that, Ulrica being gone, and the confusions of her life buried with her, the baby Earl became a link of union between the hostile houses of the two deceased Countesses of Tintagel. At the presence of a new-born child in that death-stricken household in the Rue du Faubourg, Lady De Vergund's withered and worldly old heart softened a little, and opened a sort of quasi grand-maternal chink to the child's sister.

Lady Wolverstone had no great liking for the Marchioness originally, and never could forgive her for having interpolated a grandchild into the inheritance of Tintagel to the exclusion of her own. Still, it suited her to be friendly. Her son, Sir Everard, was become a part of the Truckleborough following. It looked well and seemed to strengthen the connection, that Julia should be received at Adderslough and Stephenakes as a species of niece and granddaughter. The Duchess had no daughters or nieces of her own, and she liked Julia's society. Her only son, Swelcheste, a sulky, shy, intractable youth of fifteen, was not likely to be endangered by her fascinations for the present.

The most difficult effort of Lady Julia's life was to pass the three years which elapsed between her performances in Paris and the opportunity for which she was lying in wait, without perpetrating anything that demands special notice in these pages.

Respectability was about as congenial a costume to her as a straight waistcoat is to an energetic inmate of St. Luke's. But she wore her disguise discreetly.

In the meantime she contemplated her enemies in the distance, grieving over their good and rejoicing over their ill in silence.

It was a great triumph to her that, when old Phil Bransdale died at last, Sir Everard won the contested election for Balderland, and Edmund Strensal was beaten. She did not know (ladies look at politics without attending to small details) that the majority was narrow, and that it was gained by what the indignant county resented as a hole-and-corner bargain with the Duke of Truckleborough.

After all, it was only for the remnant of a Parliament, which was getting shaly. Within the year there was a dissolution by the incoming tenants of office.

Before the Ministry went out, however, Lord Girandole strained a point to get Wolverstone his peerage. It was a strong measure; but he was a first cousin of Lady Girandole's; he would never be a county member again; and Lord Girandole was not a man to stick at trifles. The Duke of Truckleborough backed him up, being partially under the impression that Sir Everard was making a sacrifice in giving way to Sidney Whitmarsh.

But in reality Sir Everard had not a ghost of a chance of re-election, and his peerage served as a rather inglorious refuge from political shipwreck. That, however, did not detract from the satisfaction of the ladies of his family. A peerage is a peerage, and Baron Lupesley's vote or proxy in the House of Lords was at Lord Girandole's service ever after.

Sydney Whitmarsh sat for Bradbleak till the general election, when he was put forward for the county, and signally failed to establish the ascendancy of the Truckleborough interest in Balderland.

The popularity Strensal had earned in his first contest, added to the reaction against Truckleborough dictation, placed him at the head of the poll a few hundred above Augustus Grazebrook (whose seat was not considered in danger), and outnumbering Whitmarsh by near a thousand.

But to Lady Julia these political occurrences were trifles compared with one of a more domestic interest which followed on their heels.

John Jarnwith (so he continued to be called in his family long after he had become Lord Gaveloch, by the death of his ill-fated elder brother), having been elected without opposition for his own Muspelshire boroughs, came to help Strensal in the contest.

The whole county was in a blaze of excitement. It might be a trifle to a moody, discontented young lady at a distance looking on it as dry, constitutional detail; but to the Balderland ladies of local importance it was an occasion of putting on their best bonnets and driving from polling-place to polling-place in their carriages and four—an occasion of listening proudly to the eloquence of sons and brothers, and uncles and cousins; of hearing those lusty cheers, which (when some great and rare stimulus stirs the slow bucolic soul of a wide district to the bellowing point) make a county election now and then as much grander a display of human emotion as in ordinary cases it is flatter and more lukewarm than the vulgar pothouse briskness which never fails to enliven a borough.

When hearts are affected with that tender affinity towards one another which goes by the name of love; if the owners of the hearts, originally strangers to each other, have only been brought into proximity by a mutual understanding, ever so tacit and provisional, that love is possible, and marriage practicable; in such instances, the sooner the male heart disburdens itself of its half of the mutual secret the better for all parties concerned.

But in cases where habitual and legitimate causes of familiarity exist, independent of even the remotest reference to love, two hearts will often tremble long apart, though narrowly divided, as you may see on a carriage pace in a small, drizzling rain, twin drops which, slowly increasing, approach so gradually that it fidgets you to watch them, till at last some jolt over a stone in the rut shakes the two into one, and away goes the united drop at a racing pace, like a new-married couple on their wedding tour.

Since Edmund Strensal, on his return from Paris, had made a final crash of John Jarnwith's doubts and delusions about Lady Julia, till now, a year and a half had elapsed; and during this interval—though, in the natural course of circumstances, John and Margaret met often as near relations and familiar acquaintances—it seemed as if an invisible but impassable barrier of reserve, like an iron grating overgrown by commonplace garden creepers, stood between them, though they might shake hands across it, and converse at their ease through its bars on all save the one inexorably excluded topic, which never, never, &c.

The reader knows too well to require to be told what the value of the word "never" is, under such circumstances. An eminent writer has observed that "never is a very long word," and for that reason, perhaps, it is apt to wear very thin, and break in the middle.

The fact is, that when two young people like each other better than anybody else in the world, whatever special reason there may be why they should obstinately refrain from confessing it, sooner or later "love," like "murder," will out.

After all, the difficulty was not so desperate. John Jarnwith was naturally ashamed to set about building up, plastering, painting, papering, glazing, and furnishing afresh the wreck of a heart whose scorched and blackened ruins bore recent witness to the explosion of a fiery passion.

It was all very well that he always had felt an affectionate friendship for Margaret; she had seen the conflagration; and would she ever be able to sit comfortably at a quiet domestic fireplace in an establishment which had once been confessedly reduced to next door to a cinder by a previous tenant? "Never!"

Margaret had been indiscreet enough to allow her half of the affectionate friendship to blaze up into love prematurely once already; and her quiet little conflagration had been put out in silence by tears of disappointment none the less bitter because shed in the choking smother of suppression. Could she ever again be guilty of a like indiscretion? Never!

However, as two negatives neutralise each other into an affirmative, John's resolute reticence and Margaret's maiden reserve really tended to union more securely than if he had been more impetuous or she less modest.

Time and the force of circumstance are more than a match for obstacles even stronger than those which held these young people asunder. Time unassisted might have been slower in accomplishing the affair. But Time had done enough to prepare the way for the wheels of circumstance to revolve.

While circumstance travels at a foot's pace, or even at the jog-trot of ordinary life, reserve and reticence hold their own.

But suppose the horses take fright and dash into a gallop! In the tumult of a common struggle, in the flush of a participated triumph, sympathetic souls are shaken together like the twin drops on the carriage pane.

In the turmoil, and bustle, and whirling excitement of the contest, in the suspense of the polling and the elation of the victory, some unguarded expression, word, look, gesture (what matter how the spark of intuition is conveyed?) brought about the revelation. And these happy lovers were henceforth to be all in all to each other.

The news of this event reached Lady Julia before the engagement was publicly announced, for she still kept up a correspondence with Lucy Strensal, the eldest of the Midgarth Strensal girls, whom she had fraternised with at Lupesley, and whose brother, Mark Strensal, still hankered, in a clumsy, shy sort of half suit, after his sister's charming friend, though Lady Wolverstone was not often at home when this young gentleman did himself the pleasure of calling at her house in town.

Julia was not surprised at the intelligence. She had expected it would have come to pass earlier; but she felt it bitterly.

There was no help for it. She wrote a letter of congratulation to Margaret—a letter full of cruel stings—but she knew it would have no practical effect on the marriage and might get her into trouble; so, on second thoughts, she put it in the fire.

About this time (we are dealing with the years between the two periods of our narrative in this intercalary chapter) Julia became rather intimate with that Lady Adela Fitz Maurvid of whom we caught only a side glimpse in Paris.

Lady Julia's interest in this charming young lady was not altogether on the young lady's own account. Lady Adela had succeeded in awakening some slight interest in the mind of a person whose destiny, especially his matrimonial prospects, Julia was prepared to watch over with great assiduity if not with great benevolence.

On his return from Paris Edmund Strensal had crossed the Channel in the same boat with Lord and Lady Meagheraine. Lord Mascester, whom business connected with recent deplorable events called to London by the same opportunity, introduced him to the family.

Lady Adela, who had seen a good deal of poor Gaveloch, and had sat next him at Lord Mascester's dinner-table only a few days before his death, was full of the romantic and mysterious horror of that tragedy in high life which had so recently startled Paris and the world.

She had remarked that Lord Gaveloch and the Count did not seem on very good terms. She believed the quarrel originated in some bet about a steeplechase, and the immediate offence was some harmless badinage on the Count's style of horsemanship.

Lady Adela was at that period very young, fresh, animated, and sympathetic.

She was also (though these qualities did not show so much on her first appearance in society) rather vain, giddy, and volatile.

Strensal's liking and admiration did not amount to much or last very long; but as he stuck closely to his Parliamentary duties, did not frequent the gay world very much, and showed no preference for any other young lady during the first years of his political career, when anybody wondered who the wealthy young member for Balderland was likely to marry, it was usual to mention Lady Adela long after he had ceased to entertain the slightest regard for her.

Her intimacy with Lady Julia was not a recommendation in his eyes. Julia perhaps flattered herself that she took an instalment of her vengeance by such influence as she may have brought to bear in diverting Adela's schemes from Mr. Strensal; but, if so, Lady Matilda and Margaret, Viscountess Gaveloch, owed her a debt of gratitude, for they were pleased to consider poor Adela a flighty, languishing flirt, with an affectation of wild simplicity, who made soft gazelle's eyes at everybody.

But Lady Adela's place in this history comes further on, when Julia, no longer considering her a prize to be snatched from the

enemy's grasp, but a fire-ship to be drifted into his harbour, attempted to utilise the wreck of this luckless beauty in a maturer machination against Mr. Strensal's domestic happiness. That will be the proper time to give an account of her character and career.

Julia herself flashed about like a beautiful meteor for two or three seasons, and dazzled a few tolerable matches out of their better judgment into offers of their hearts and hands, but nothing sufficiently tempting presented itself to divert her from her fixed purpose.

Towards the end of her third season her expected victim came to England for advice. Not in the moral, but medical sense.

Lord De Vergund was a good deal the worse for wear, and fancied that there was something wrong with his heart. Besides medical he was rather in the mind to try matrimonial remedies.

He had an impression that marriage was a wholesome sort of regimen, prescribed, in the same category with sobriety and early rising, to promote longevity.

Old Lady De Vergund was rejoiced at the return and repentance of her prodigal. She killed the fatted calf, and entertained proud dames with smiling daughters, who are ever ready to flock to the delicate savour of the pinguified veal.

None of the young ladies he looked at struck his jaded fancy so much as his old flame.

He was a little shy of Lady Julia at first, but his mother assured him that she bore no malice, always spoke of him kindly, and she had always suspected that dear Julia retained a furtive tenderness for her first love. She was very much admired and had refused good parts.

Lord De Vergund found Julia greatly improved in manner and appearance. She was now between her twentieth and twenty-first year. Beneath a calm, majestic bearing of sumptuous repose, such as might well become a Marchioness, there was a latent spell of some weird witchery that drew the wicked Marquis to his doom. Some subtle influence that aroused the jaded senses of the weary libertine with some morbid approximation to a thrill of passion.

It seemed to him, in looking back, that he had often regretted the incompleteness of his behaviour on a former occasion. He had really had a fancy for her then. As to her threatened vengeance, women had not unusually parted with him in anger. But, on the whole, she had behaved well and discreetly. She had kept her knowledge of his misdeeds to herself, and her manner to him now showed that below the ashes of her eruptive indignation (which, as he confessed to himself, he had perhaps deserved) there lingered the still unquenched embers of ancient fires.

Old Lady De Vergund was too anxious to get her son settled at all hazards to throw any impediment in Julia's way, even if she had approved of her less than she did. But Julia was by this time established in her good graces; and, besides, there was, in forwarding this alliance, a satisfactory sense of hedging the Tintagel inheritance, which it had been the business of her latter years to secure to her descendants.

She somehow felt that the precious little Earl would be less likely to die if his sister became her daughter-in-law; for then the darling infant's loss would not carry the property away out of the family.

It is curious how worldly minds go on to the last planning and plotting for worldly interests which shall accrue only after the plotters and planners shall be laid in their graves. How inadequately they conceive of the change which will come over their views of the relative importance of earthly things when they have once shuffled off the mortal coil! The idea of shivering or grilling ghosts on the bleak banks of Styx, or in the fiery furnaces of Tartarus, reverting complacently to the landed or funded proceeds of their morally wasted lives, in the possession of ungrateful heirs, would be ludicrous if it were not too horrible for mirth.

The three dread sisters of the distaff, bobbin, and shears took no account of the provident dowager's insurance policy on the life of her cherished grandson, and remorselessly snapped his short and slender thread in a fit of whooping-cough only a few months after Julia had become the Marchioness De Vergund, to which title she then added that of Baroness Penhelven in her own right.

If the child had but died those few months earlier she would have let the Marquis go. But the superannuated sisterhood above mentioned are as apt to be spiteful in fumbling the several strands they are drawing out into tangles, as in snapping their scissors viciously when the fit seizes them. An untimely death or an untoward marriage are alike congenial jobs in the establishment of those amiable spinsters, Mdles Clothe, Lachesis, and Atropos.

Certainly Lord De Vergund's marriage was not one of those which the proverb assures us are made in Heaven.

(To be continued.)

PENAL SERVITUDE.

(Continued from page 203.)

THE CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT AT PORTLAND.

ON leaving our two convicts to work out the period of their second stage of servitude at Pentonville Prison, it was remarked that one of them, at least, probably looked forward with some hope to his removal to the Government establishment in the island of Portland. Had he known how large a measure of liberty would be secured by attaining this third stage his anticipations would have been even more pleasant; or, on the other hand, I may wrong him by not having taken into consideration the likelihood that he had heard all about it from some acquaintance who had recalled the pleasant memories of this penal settlement long after obtaining a "ticket," of which he found it difficult to make any practical use.

However this may be, it is certain that in this last and considerably longest stage the thralldom of separate confinement and silent labour, commenced at Millbank and rather refined than mitigated at Pentonville, is virtually abandoned. Increased diet, healthy work in the open, bracing air, and companionship (which includes conversation) during the hours of labour must make Portland a sort of Paradise, where imprisonment is abolished in favour of friendly guardianship and wholesome restraint. This would doubtless be the impression upon the mind of a convict on whom his previous discipline had produced the desired effect, and who came out into the corridor at Pentonville on the morning of his removal chastened, reformed, and repentant; that it is really the opinion of a very large majority of the eleven hundred and fifteen felons, most of whom are now quarrying stone for Portland Breakwater, would be too much to expect. The faces of the eight men who have just been assembled in the prison-yard at Pentonville, and amongst whom the two whose course we have been following now meet closely for the first time since their conviction, express very little if any emotion beyond that involved in the endeavour to keep warm, for it is a dull, chilly morning, and their sudden transition from the temperate atmosphere of the cells has made them shiver a little in the raw air from the yard. Very little alteration is observable in their demeanour until they reach the railway station, to which they are taken in the prison van, pretty securely fastened by a light chain rove from one to another by the handcuff. Once there and seated in the carriage, they look for some opportunity to communicate with the outer world, and probably surprise somebody who happens to regard them intently, by telegraphing with their fingers the number of years they have to serve. With this and such few observations amongst themselves as are permitted by the officer in charge they must be content until they reach Weymouth; but it would be difficult to estimate the effect upon men so long confined within prison limits, and especially the dull routine of the separate cells, of that ride through the pure, bracing air, with the sight of the wild, open country, the sheltered homesteads, the clustering villages, the birds upon the wing, the cattle browsing on the hills. Whatever may be its effect, however, they are not very demonstrative; many of them look on, if not listlessly, at least with an appearance of stolid indifference like that which rests upon the face of our beetle-browed ruffian. His companion notes these things, however, with a quick glance and a slight smile, not without a shade of sarcasm; once or twice, indeed, he indicates some object in the landscape, but finally relapses into that dogged half-patient look which seems habitual even to the best of the convicts, and under which who shall tell what are their real thoughts?

With very little alteration in this demeanour, but with quick, suspiciously inquiring glances, they make the journey from Weymouth to Portland, only now and then one of their number fixes his eyes steadfastly on the distant sea. Its great expanse must bring upon him a strange sense of freedom; then, as they begin to climb the rugged road which leads to the summit of this "hearthstone" island, as they pass Fortune's Well, and at length emerge amidst the broken stony ground; the treeless waste; the rough, zigzag stone walls; the bare, yellowish-white cottages and scattered taverns; the chace of stone, from which in this part of the island some rude settlement seems to have sprung, they have enough to occupy their attention. Past the last rude farm plot, beside the steep road cut up with iron tramways, and round by that row of high white cottages (the quarters of the married prison officers), and they have arrived at their destination.

Portland Prison, which is constructed to contain 1500 convicts, is composed of three long and lofty parallelograms (one of which is a double building), and a large block in form of a wing lying somewhat in the rear of one of the main structures. All these are built of stone, in the same way as the houses on the island; the single buildings containing four and the double building five stories of cells, the upper ones opening from light iron corridors, similar to those at Pentonville, the corridors and the whole of the main building being lighted principally from the roof. The spaces between the blocks of building, which are spanned above by an iron bridge extending from one block to another, serve as open areas in which the prisoners are paraded every day before being taken out to labour. Beyond these, in front of the prison is the garden where the vegetables are grown for the prison consumption. The other garden, which is in fact no more than a neat grass-plotted yard, in the area before the inner entrance, contains some curious remains dug up from the quarries during the progress of the works, among which are stone sarcophagi in which skeletons were discovered—remnants of the Roman occupation of the island; an immense petrified tree-trunk, still exhibiting the grain and bark of the wood; an altar-slab, and some large description of stone-imbued shell or marine animal which goes in Portland by the name of "conger eel," and in which the articulations, or rather corrugations, are quite distinct.

Leaving these reminiscences of its former condition, however, for the more commonplace divisions of the prison, I am conducted to the storerooms, where the clothes and shoes which have been made in the London establishments are kept for the inmates at Portland. Here I recognise the heavy, nailed boots, the rough clothing, and the quilts and blankets which I have previously seen in their various stages of manufacture at Millbank and Pentonville.

Amongst the few convicts who are engaged within the building I have noticed some variety of costume, and learn that the regulation dress consists of cord trousers, a blue "slop," or coarse frock of blue striped with white, and a light blue striped cap; these, which are the summer garments, give place in winter to a brownish-grey jacket similar to those worn at the London prisons, and a black oil-skin hat painted with coloured stripes. Those men whose term has nearly expired, from its having been shortened in consequence of good conduct, are dressed in a blue suit, with "P.P." stamped upon it in red letters—"an odd arrangement," which gives them the appearance of having been constantly "delivered" at various stations by some parcels conveyance company. The party which has just arrested my attention are bringing in bread, under the direction of a couple of officers, and I follow them to the bakery—necessarily a large building, since it has to provide for such an army of eaters. At Portland none of these offices are under the basement, so that the bakery is, in reality, a lofty and well-lighted adjunct to the main building, opening on to one of the yards, its row of ovens and the bins and troughs scrupulously clean, and the whole place well ventilated. At Portland a separate loaf of the required weight is furnished to the prisoner at each meal; the bread being of the same quality as that used at the London establishments. The kitchen is a similar building to the bakery, and contrasts favourably with those of the London prisons on account of its lightness. The arrangements are precisely similar, except that at Portland only beef is provided; but the method of cooking is the same, and the great coppers of soup, the joints of meat, and the copper steamers which hold the potatoes give forth a savoury smell to appetites sharpened by that clear sea air. Although no trades are taught or carried on at Portland, there are workshops where such of the men as are selected for the purpose (from having previously had some experience in these callings, either in or out of prison) carry on the necessary repairs connected with the establishment. For this purpose one or two large rooms are appropriated to the tailors and shemakers, who mend the boots and clothes which have been worn by former inmates, and the carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops are busy with the sound of saw and hammer, in order to keep up the repairs connected with the building, or to replace the furniture of the various departments. In these shops the men work under the direction of instructors; but the silent system is not a part of the discipline at Portland, so that the business of the day goes on under very few depressing influences. Perhaps the most interesting of the workshops is the forge, where the machinery is repaired and the men work at bellows and anvil, upon the iron fittings of the cranes and stone-carriages. I wish I could say that the work is willingly and cheerfully performed; but I am bound to state that in many instances the weight of the hammer slowly performs the labour. There is very little weight of arm or energy of muscle displayed beyond that which is actually required to lift the tools. The cells are comfortable little cabins enough, not of course as large as those of the London prisons, since no labour has to be performed in them. They are sleeping apartments, of about four feet wide, seven feet in length, and seven feet high, each furnished with a window, and the walls formed of corrugated iron. They contain a slung hammock, with mattress, blankets, sheets, and quilts; a stool and wash-basin; and a nest of deal shelves, in which the prisoner keeps his plate, mug, and pannikin of tinware, such books as he is allowed to borrow from the library, and other small articles of daily use.

On their arrival at Portland the prisoners receive a considerably augmented provision of food, since it is understood that their constant labour in the open air requires that the quantity should be increased. The ordinary meals consist of breakfast, for which they receive a pint of cocoa, with milk and sugar, and 12 oz. of bread. The dinner allowance of each man is a pint of soup, 5½ oz. of meat without bone, 6 oz. of bread, and a pound of potatoes. The soup also contains vegetables cut from the garden, and some description of thickening. For supper there is provided a pint of gruel and 9 oz. of bread. To these rations the good-conduct men whose period has nearly expired have certain very welcome additions. They may demand tea in place of the evening gruel, and sometimes dine off baked beef on Sundays, with the addition of suet pudding. On every Sunday they are allowed half a pint of beer and a slice (3 oz.) of cheese.

While I am gathering this information under the intelligent guidance of one of the principal warders, our convicts have been admitted to the prison, where the roll has been called over by an officer, after which they have been submitted to the baths, similar to those with which they were recently familiar, have been freshly cropped and shaved, have been examined by the medical officer, and have assumed the uniform of Portland in exchange for their former dress. After having been draughted to their cells and furnished with the regulation meal, they are conducted to the chapel, where they will be spoken to by the chaplain and have a half day appointed on which they will be expected to attend school every week. The chapel, which is also used as the schoolroom, is a spacious building, containing a pulpit and reading-desk, and a deep gallery for the wives and families of the officers.

The prisoners, who all assemble here twice a day for prayers, occupy forms on the floor, while the officers sit on seats elevated against the wall where they can overlook their various divisions. School is going on as I enter the building, and three or four teachers are giving instruction by means of books, slates, and black boards. One of the prisoners, a keen, quick-eyed fellow, is engaged apart at a table in re-binding some of the books belonging to the prison library; and I observe that he is not only neat and skilful in his

manipulation, but is at work with a rapidity and apparent earnestness which is one of the most surprising things I have witnessed during my visit.

I cannot but remark, too, that the faces of the majority of the scholars are less dull and dogged than those of the London prisoners; that they have brightened, not only with the evidences of health, but with those of renewed interest. In this light, lofty chapel, and with a tolerably attractive lesson, there must be something very holiday-like in their afternoon's occupation.

A bell which rings presently is the signal for the return of the convicts from work, and, as our two criminals once more retire to their cells, the various companies come in for the night and assemble for evening prayers.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

ALDERMAN HUMPHREY.—This gentleman, long a leading member of the Corporation of the city of London, and who had filled its chief offices, died on Monday at his residence at Clapham-common, after a short illness. He was elected an Alderman for the Ward of Aldgate in 1835, having three years before served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in 1842 his fellow-citizens raised him to the dignity of Lord Mayor. He was also, at the time of his death, Governor of the Irish Society, an office of honour in the Corporation which he had held for more than twenty years. Mr. Humphrey represented in Parliament the borough of Southwark, where he had large property, for a period of twenty years, having been first elected at the general election in December, 1832, and retained his seat continuously until that of 1852. For the greater part of his life the deceased gentleman was a wharfinger, in Tooley-street and its immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Humphrey was twice married, and leaves a numerous family of sons and one daughter.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY HOPE, K.C.B.—A vacancy has occurred among the flag officers of the active list by the demise of Admiral Sir Henry Hope, K.C.B., who died last week at his seat in Hampshire. Sir Henry Hope was eldest son of the late commissioner, Charles Hope, by his marriage with Ann Vane, eldest daughter of Henry, first Earl of Darlington. He was born in 1787, and entered the Navy in the spring of 1798. In July, 1855, he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. His commissions bore date as follow:—Lieutenant, 3rd of May, 1801; Commander, 22nd of January, 1807; Captain, 24th of May, 1808; Rear-Admiral, 9th of November, 1816; Vice-Admiral, 2nd of April, 1833; and Admiral, 29th of January, 1838.

THE REV. DR. FABER.—The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D., Superior of the Oratory at Brompton, died on Saturday last, after a long illness. He was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1836, being second-class in Classics. He became tutor to his college, and in 1843 accepted the living of Elton, Hunts, which he resigned in 1846 on joining the communion of the Church of Rome. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Superior of the London houses belonging to the "Oratorians," or "Priests of the Congregation of St. Philip Neri." Dr. Faber had a considerable reputation as a poet, and was likewise the author of a number of prose works, principally on theological subjects.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

BARNSTABLE.—The death of Mr. G. Potts, M.P. for Barnstable, has caused a vacancy in that borough, and two gentlemen have offered themselves as candidates for the seat. The first, Mr. Breambridge, an attorney of the borough, of which he was at one time Mayor, is a Conservative; and the second, Mr. Thomas Lloyd, of Speke Hall, near Birmingham, is a liberal of somewhat advanced opinions.

TAMWORTH.—The Hon. H. Cowper and Mr. John Peel still continue their canvass of this borough, the contest in which is very keen. Sir Robert Peel supports Mr. Cowper, who is believed to have the best chance of election.

COVENTRY.—Mr. Arthur Peel, third son of the late Sir R. Peel, is the Liberal candidate for this borough; while the Conservative interest is represented by Mr. Ellice's old opponent, Mr. Treherne.

READING.—Mr. G. Shaw Lefevre, a Liberal, is the only candidate as yet in the field for the vacancy here, caused by the elevation of Mr. Serjeant Pigott to the Bench.

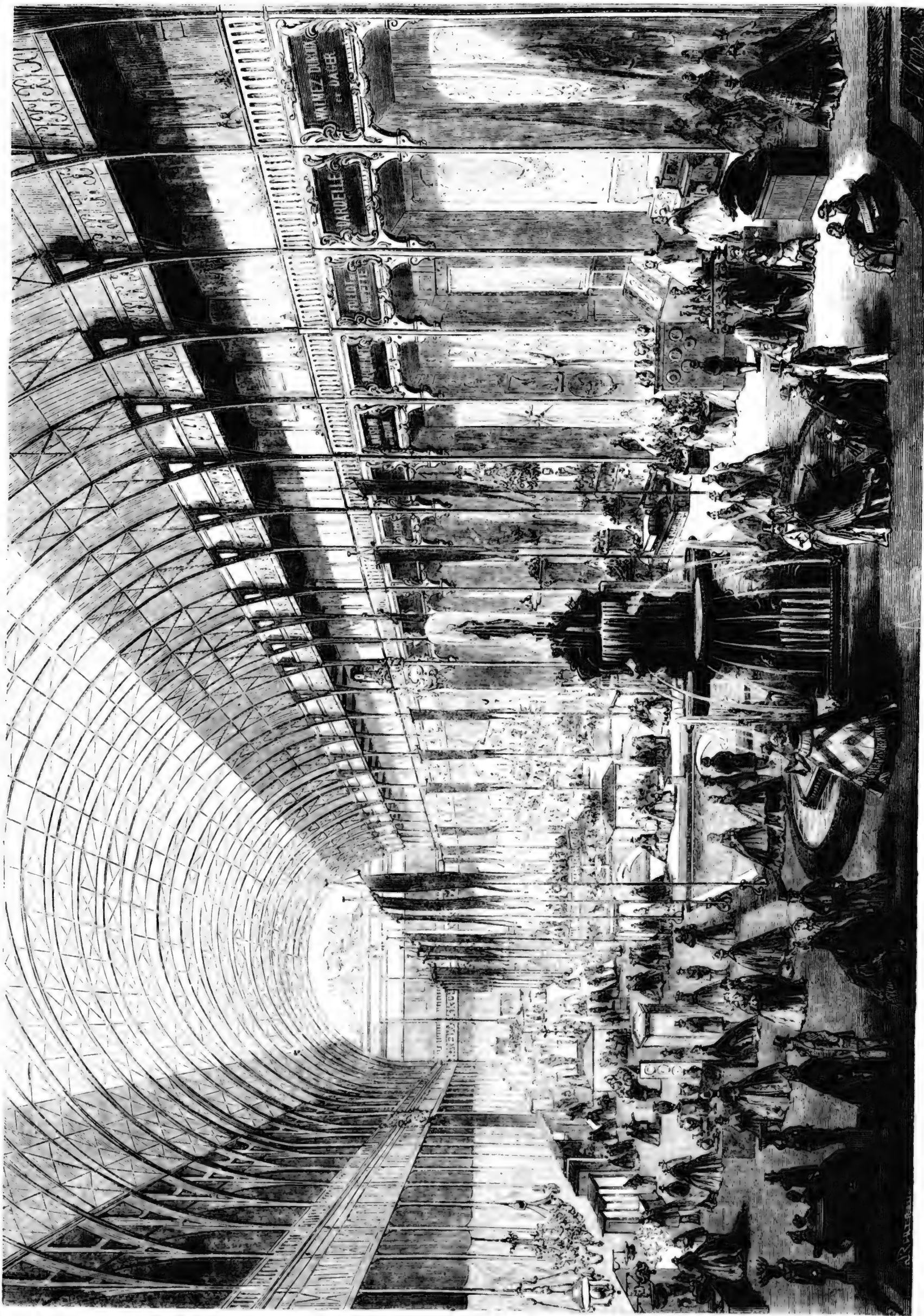
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON SCHOOLS OF ART.

AT the annual meeting of the York School of Art, held last week, the Lord Archbishop of York, who occupied the chair, addressed the meeting. After referring to the increase of pupils in the institution and the mechanical system of drawing as it used to be taught, he said that the present system of teaching had undergone a thorough and complete change. In asking what this advancement was likely to do, it might be answered that art belonged to no class of the community; in the history of painting many of the most celebrated painters having sprung from the ranks of the people. Not exclusively had they sprung from one rank or another, because the spark which made the painter was given to every class of the human race. Too facilities for the study of drawing—to offer instruction—what was that but to spread their nets abroad in the waters of the community in the hope of catching a genius swimming unknown to them! If only after half a century of study the teaching should produce one painter, and thus enrich the stores of art, the expense and trouble, and labour would be fully compensated. Was it not strange that such great talents as those possessed by a Milton or a Raphael should be allowed to run to waste—no eyes seeing them and no education reaching them? It belonged to no class to have the painter's or sculptor's skill. But whilst a taste for art existed in all classes, he was not sure that the lower classes were not likely to develop it more than any other, because skill and practice must go a great way in making an artist. At least, it appeared to him probable that, descending lower and lower in the social scale, they were multiplying genius and hiding great men out. His Grace then referred to the practical value of schools of art to industry, citing, as an instance, the difficulty compared with the present which Messrs. Hunt and Roskill used to experience to obtain artists for the purposes of their trade; after which he touched upon the subject of Art's services in the improvement of dwellings. He then, in conclusion, said there was really something sincere and thorough in art-education. It admitted of no trifling or deception. Art brought a man to his senses, and left no room for vanity. A man devoted to art never thought of being beaten, but saw an infinite vista before him, and must go on, ever learning more and more. There was nothing unhealthful in this line of study; it was precisely what persons ought to be taught; they ought to have the vanity taken out of them. On this account, although he confessed he had not learned this lesson of humility, he felt that every person ought to wish well to a school of that kind.

RETIREMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.—Mr. Mason, late Confederate Commissioner in England, has sent the following communication to Earl Russell in explanation of his withdrawal from this country:—"My Lord,—In a despatch from the Secretary of State of the Confederate States of America, dated 15th day of August last, and now just received, I am instructed to consider the mission which brought me to England as at an end, and I am directed to withdraw at once from this country. The reasons for terminating this mission are set forth in an extract from the despatch, which I have the honour to communicate herewith. The President believes that 'The Government of her Majesty has determined to decline the overtures made through you for establishing, by treaty, friendly relations between the two Governments,' and entertains no intention of residing you as the accredited Minister of this Government near the British Court. Under these circumstances, your continued residence in London is neither conducive to the interests nor consistent with the dignity of this Government; and the President therefore requests that you consider your mission at an end, and that you withdraw with your secretary from London. Having made known to your Lordship on my arrival here the character and purposes of the mission intrusted to me by my Government, I have deemed it due to courtesy thus to make known to the Government of her Majesty its termination, and that I shall, as directed, at once withdraw from England."

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The board of directors of the Great Ship Company have drawn up and issued their report, to be presented at an approaching special general meeting of the shareholders summoned to consider the prospects of the company. The document is of a very lugubrious character, as may be judged from the concluding paragraph, which is as follows:—"In conclusion, your directors must impress upon the proprietors that the position of the company's affairs is most critical, and that immediate steps must be taken either to raise additional capital for the prosecution of the undertaking or to dissolve the company. This latter alternative your directors feel would amount to a total sacrifice of the property of ordinary shareholders. It is for the proprietors to determine what is to be done. The ship cannot be retained in the possession of the company unless funds be immediately raised to pay off the existing trade debts, amounting to £30,000 15s. 4d.; and, whatever employment may be designed for her, a further sum will be required for the necessary outfit and the repairs needful for the efficient maintenance of the ship." A meeting of shareholders in the company resident in Manchester has been held, at which a resolution was adopted recommending the formation of a new company to purchase and work the ship.

ANY CORRECTION.—At the time of the Peterloo riots the Government of the day was very unpopular. Now, about that period the minister of a chapel in Manchester, among other blessings which he asked, prayed that the members of his Majesty's Government might "all hang together by one cord." This was followed by a perfect chorus of "amen," "so be it," "yes," and "glory;" when, finding out his equivocal position, he changed the expression, and said, "May they all hang together in concord!" Hereupon a dead silence ensued, till an old woman, in a shrill treble, shouted, "Any cord, so it be strong enough!" which was backed up by a hailstorm of "amen," "so be it," "yes," and "glory."—*Fraser's Magazine* for September.



THE INDUSTRIAL FINE-ART EXHIBITION IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE, PARIS.

THE INDUSTRIAL ART-EXHIBITION IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

According to the engagements made from its commencement, the Palace of the Industrial Art-Exhibition of Paris was opened in the Champs Elysees on the 10th ult., although it is only now that the building—or, at all events, the internal arrangements—can be said to be complete. The attempt to establish an exhibition for a similar purpose last year was only as successful as might have been expected of a hazardous experiment upon entirely unknown ground; but the present exhibition has been more warmly recognised, and is likely to result in a permanent institution. The French, who have so long been considered the arbiters in matters relating to decorative art, have discovered that they have for some time neglected the first elements of art-education, as applied to objects of ordinary utility and to articles of common life. Just as this consideration excited increased attention in England some years ago—though, it is to be feared, with no very apparent result—the subject is now being taken up in Paris in a way rather more practical and with perhaps rather less of discussion. On the occasion of the opening, the garden of the building and the internal flower-beds were very beautifully decorated, while in the centre of the grounds an orchestra had been erected, which was occupied by an efficient band.

The exhibition consists of all kinds of productions connected with the useful arts—such as furniture, tapestry, bronzes, designs in metal, glass, marble, and china; and all those art-manufactures of which our own exhibition was so full. The galleries are hung with drawings contributed by the Paris and provincial schools of design, whilst the ground floor of the building is filled with shops, where the tradesmen of Paris show their goods and take orders. The present exhibition, however, is by no means anything like a fair specimen of what is going on in the art of designs for objects of utility. It appears that the manufacturers of textile goods and plastic objects are not disposed to make their designs known, fearing imitation and the giving away, in fact, of their art-labour. The result is that there is seen little but the primitive labours of public schools. The number of drawings from fragments of bassi relievi and classical bronzes in the museums of Europe shows that the French are working in a right direction. The ever-beautiful decorative designs of the Greeks and Etruscans form the best material for educating the designer to an early appreciation of that which has been esteemed at all times. There are some drawings, too, copies of middle-age objects, and many examples of the French Louis periods of furniture and bronzes, now so much in fashion.

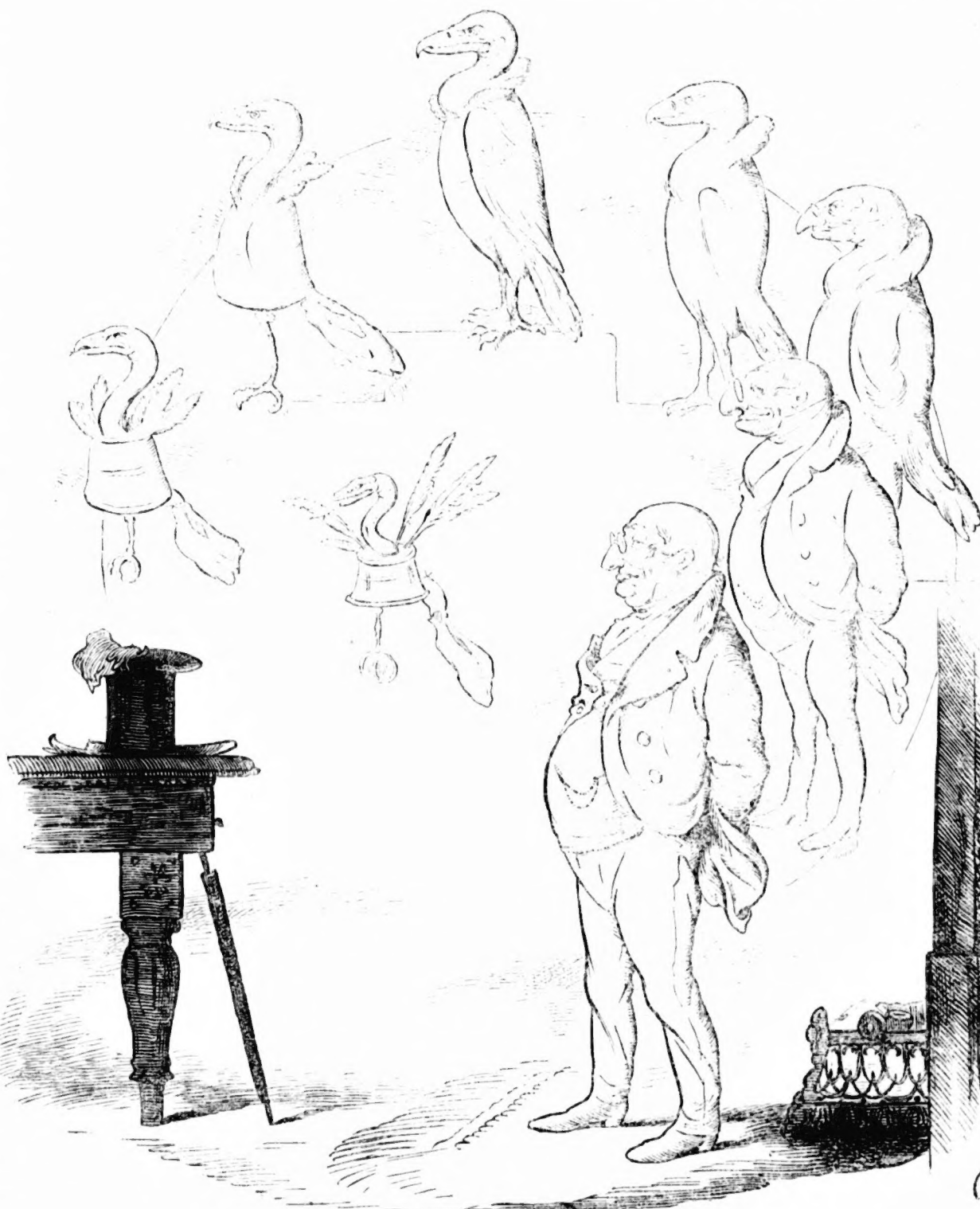
Altogether, the new exhibition may be fairly taken to be a genuine endeavour to inaugurate a renewed school of art, and, as it has commenced without any great protestations, and with the intention of keeping its objects steadily in view, it may be attended with thoroughly useful results. As an attraction to the public its claims will increase every day, since, to say no more of it, it is a most agreeable lounge in a city where people live much out of doors, and as the entrance fee is only half a franc, there will be a number of visitors sufficiently large to secure the enterprise from failure. The collection of art-tapestry, which has been lent for the occasion, one suite of which is the celebrated *Sacré d'Angers*, is one of the finest parts of the exhibition. Prizes and honourable mention by certificates will, it is understood, be awarded to the successful exhibitors, both manufacturers and students.

VULTURINE.

The Vulture is known by his beak, his bald head, and his cowardice; but "it is somewhat singular," says Darwin, "that, retaining these peculiarities, he has yet left his home in inaccessible crags, and taken an office in Bridge-street, Blackfriars."

He has issued circulars; he is on the look-out for an Act of Parliament; he advertises in the *Times*; he has exchanged his feathers for broadcloth; has bought him a large ledger, a day-book,

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARW N.



No. 19.—VULTURINE.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

and a cheque-book. He even wears gold spectacles; and, wonder of wonders! he no longer needs to seek for his prey; said "prey" seeks him. There, in our Picture, he stands calmly warming himself before the office fire, and to him thus occupied will come in shoals "prey" of all sorts, sizes, and degrees, all possessed of the one good thing, without which prey is detestable—Money.

They throw it at him, they cast it before him, they send it him, they waylay him with it, on their knees they will beg and implore him to be charitable enough to take it from them. In his vulturine generosity he accepts the trust, he takes their money, and as Darwin graphically observes, "he sticks to it." Smash may go the "Bank" or "Company," up may go the office shutters; but only Mr. Linklater may guess, and Colonel Vulture may know, what has become of the money, the prey, the carrion, on which our Vulturine friend has been gorging—whether he has gone off to Spain or South France, America or Frazer River;—one thing alone will be made apparent to his victims—that, as he was descended from a true Vulture, so said Vulture was built up of a bottle of ink, a bundle of pens, an auctioneer's hammer, and an attorney's bag.

An allegory of the serpent in the instand.

C. H. B.

THE LATE JACOB GRIMM.

The illustrious German scholar, Jacob Louis Grimm, whose death we announced last week, was one of the most popular men in his native country, and one of the most distinguished philologists in Europe. The incidents of his life, however, were few; and without anything eventful to record a biography naturally slides into a review of his literary labours. Jacob Grimm was born at Hanau, in Hesse-Cassel, in January, 1785, on the eve of the

great French Revolution, the results of which had a direct influence on his fortunes, and even brought him into personal connection with the family of Napoleon at different periods and under very opposite circumstances. His father was a jurist, and held the post of Amtmann of a small town, Steinau-an-der-Strasse, in the Electorate. There were five sons and a daughter. Three of the brothers are left in oblivion, dropping out of the story of his life entirely; but one (his brother William) was destined to become a second self, and to be nearly associated with his studies, labours, and reputation, to a degree seldom realised in a family history. In fact, the career of both the Grimms is so singularly blended in their education, employments, and pursuits that it is difficult to separate them. They were both supported during their education at the University of Marburg by an aunt, and after it was completed their fortunes and occupations rarely separated them. Where Jacob was a professor, William had also his class. Where Jacob was a librarian, there William was sub-librarian. If Jacob lost his place, William resigned his. From youth to age they had all things in common—books, money, and dwelling. They studied together and wrote together on the same works till their respective shares could hardly be distinguished in the great result of the united task, and the "Brothers Grimm" became a recognised duality in literature. In 1806 Jacob was a clerk in the bureau of the Hessian Secretary of War. But those were fatal years for all the military Powers of Germany. The great ones did not count for much against the legions and the genius of Napoleon, and the contingents of the smaller States went for nothing, except to add to the ruin. What became of the score or two of little armies that helped each other to defeat may be learned on minute research into the chronicles of the period. But the fate of the War Office of Hesse-Cassel and the military system it administered, as it involved also the destiny of Jacob Grimm, is worth recounting. It pleased Napoleon to decree the kingdom of Westphalia, and Hesse-Cassel, its War Office and its troops, were incorporated therewith. Jerome Bonaparte was appointed King of the new royalty, and Jacob Grimm lost his post in the war department. But when one door shuts another opens. For Grimm the opening door was that of the private library of King Jerome, formerly the property of the Elector, in the Palace of Wilhelms-



INTERIOR OF CELL, PORTLAND PRISON.—SEE PAGE 219.

hohe. Jacob was appointed librarian, for which post no man in all Germany was better fitted, if a love of books was a qualification for it.

As custodian of Jerome's private library Jacob Grimm had fallen upon a sinecure without knowing it. Thinking, in the simplicity of his heart, that the post had some duties attached to it, he applied to the French Minister for "instructions." They were exceedingly concise. "Oh," said the great official, who evidently knew his monarch, "write *Bibliothèque privée du Roi* on a ticket, and wafer it on the door!" And that appears to have been about the whole of the duties of the happy librarian. For five years, from 1808 till 1813, Jacob Grimm was virtually possessor of the Royal library, and read and studied in it to his heart's content. It was a long revel for a scholar, and he worked among the books (on his own account) indefatigably, as he always did, to the subsequent advantage of the world. It was in this period that he published one of his earliest works, "On Old German Poetry."

In 1813, when the kingdom of Westphalia was swept away, and the Elector was restored, Grimm's connection with the library took another turn. The departure of the French had not been so hasty as to deprive the authorities of their presence of mind. They took with them all their own, with something besides, and the Elector's library was carried to Paris. Thither Grimm was sent as Secretary of Legation, charged with the special mission of reclaiming the volumes. The library was returned as part of the great restitution on which the Allies insisted in 1814. Subsequently both Jacob and William were retained in charge of it; but in 1829 they removed to Göttingen, where Jacob was appointed Professor, and William sub-librarian, of the University. The former was one of the seven Professors who, in 1837, signed the protest against the measures taken by the late King of Hanover (the Duke of Cumberland) to abrogate the Constitution. He was consequently dismissed from his post and banished the kingdom. William had, of course, signed the protest also, and followed his brother. They lived, working together, in Cassel till 1841, when the late King of Prussia invited them to Berlin. There they were both appointed Professors, and continued to reside for the remainder of their lives.

In 1848 Grimm again entered the political arena. He sat in the Assembly of Frankfurt till it was transferred to Stuttgart, and voted with the moderate Liberal party. In 1849 he took part in the political gathering of Gotha; but since the Liberal party in Germany have been beaten he has never left his study and his beloved philological researches.

Grimm's archaeological works are mines of facts and of erudition. The mass of details is overwhelming. In 1811 he published an elaborate treatise on the poetry of the middle ages. His German Grammar (1819-37) is a minute analysis of the minutiae of grammatical forms in all the branches of Germanic idioms, from the Scandinavian language down to that of the Frisians. There are 600 pages devoted, *more Germanico*, to consonants and vowels only! In 1828 Grimm produced an elaborate work on the antiquities of German law, the eccentric and poetical customs in force among the German nations, with curious details of French customs of the middle ages. Michelet's "Origines du Droit Français" were but a *résumé* of Grimm's larger work.

Passing over such things as Grimm's Saxon poem of "Andra and Helena," and other fugitive pieces (1830), we come to the celebrated "Reynard the Fox," which, as a strange romance of different countries' legendary lore, is universally known and admired. In 1835 Grimm published his work on German mythology, the conclusion of the author being that the gods of the ancient Germans were like the gods of Greece, but that their superstitious usages were more akin to those of the Romans. In 1848 appeared "The History of the German Language," in two volumes, which had a very large sale. According to the author, the German nations are allied to the Greeks and Latins through the Thracians, whom he identifies with the Getae (Dacians and Goths). In the chapter devoted to the Scythians he combats the opinion of Niebuhr, who identifies those people with the Mongols, and shows that the name of Scythæ embraced many people of different races. The most curious part of the work is the explanation of the law of *lauberschiebung*, or the displacement of consonants—the changes of consonants through many forms of languages.

Besides these works Jacob Grimm wrote "Forests of Ancient Germany, 1813-16," "Poems of the Reign of Frederick I.," "Hymnorum Veteris Ecclesiæ Interpretatio" (with a translation into the German of the middle ages), &c. He contributed a vast number of papers to the *Journal of German Antiquities* and the *Dissertations of the Academy of Berlin*, and was, up to the time of his death, engaged on a German dictionary, which he has left unfinished.

Literature.

Our Old Home. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In two Volumes. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Very often it is a difficult matter to decide whether to laugh or to cry, to be angry or amused, to kick or to caress, &c.; and it is not given to everybody to fall back upon that contemptuous philosophy which consists in utter indifference to all such things as praise, censure, advice, and sneers. Happy will it be with those who can laugh at or leave alone what may be called the upshot of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's volumes upon his mother country—or mistress country, as it might much more fairly be called. He is terribly in love, poor Nathaniel. But this is no lover's quarrel—or, if it be, he has gone too far in the way of abuse to hope for any chance of reconciliation. He is in love—with the sources; grapes in the world; and, as they hang far out of his twitching reach, he vilifies their rough outides, their sharp, acrid, unwinous juice, and laments the meagreness of the bunch; but still thinks somewhat might be done with the vine if trained for awhile under the fostering honey sweetness of well-mannered American care. It is a grave case—to be laughed at or cried at as each one will please for himself. But, at best, it is impossible not to feel a certain dim regret for Mr. Hawthorne himself, at seeing what used to be a wise and liberal nature reduced to the limits of a narrow prejudice, accompanied often by unkind and peevish deductions based upon the uttermost mistakes of his own disordered vision. Nothing is more common, and, indeed, more natural, than to find an Englishman who knows less about England than does many an "intelligent foreigner;" and the remark will apply to other countries; but it may safely be said that Mr. Hawthorne sees in England things for which intelligent Englishmen would seek in vain—simply because they do not happen to exist. Only occasionally is he betrayed into noticing anything like fine feeling in the English—the most charitable race under the sun. Nothing but bores and money-grubbing; nothing, indeed, amongst the men but that popular conception of John Bull which Mr. *Punch* sometimes helps to degrade more deeply in his most gloomy and undeserved out. And this, too, in a land which civilisation has long honoured for its share in all things noble and chivalrous, and which has not improperly been supposed to have magnificently moulded the national face. For our women, Mr. Hawthorne goes into raptures about the lovely face of one young girl, and sees nothing but the coarsest vulgarity and ugliness in every other living female being. There must be something wrong in this. It cannot be fair play. Or, can it have happened that the Consul for the United States at Liverpool was only admitted to the veriest dregs of a large resort society? No. The reader of these volumes will soon find that Mr. Hawthorne met with the kindest attentions from people of respectability and cultivation. Indeed, the writer of these present lines could mention the names of people of eminence in this country who delighted to honour Mr. Hawthorne (Who does not honour him for all his books save the last?). but who might care little now for a man so great in minute observing of his own imagination and so lamentably obtuse, or worse, in understanding things Atlanticly separated. To his English friends, such as society now and then happens to know them, and to others who are not mentioned by name, must be left the honour of having set for the national portrait of the Englishman as painted by Mr. Hawthorne, and also the proud

satisfaction of withdrawing their acquaintance as punishment for either foolery or libel. The dilemma must be theirs.

"Ourselves" is well known to be about the most interesting subject in nature, therefore these volumes about the American's "Old Home" will surely find a large public, and which, in a measure, they deserve. Setting aside the matters already referred to, Mr. Hawthorne's curious way of mixing imagination with fact has seldom been so well put together as in his description of English places—Bath, Oxford, the cathedrals, &c. This is because we are intimately, every-day, connected with the subject of which he treats. Very different was it with the faun creation in "Transformation," because fauns are not before us every day; and therefore, whilst something unreal was being presented, Mr. Hawthorne's grave imagination seemed only the step in advance of the ancient myth itself. Again, once admitted the peculiar assemblage of the Brookdale Farm, the unpleasant, creeping sensation of the "Blithedale Romance" is quite in keeping. The substratum of the Pyncheon legend in "The Seven Gables" would be even weak without the author's faculty for giving an idea just one shade extra-earthy. In our opinion (but novel-readers will scarcely agree with us) "The Scarlet Letter"—"the first and dearest one"—has the author's best style. Such thread of story as it has is strong; the characters are admirably drawn, though not dramatically; the quaint, weird influence of literary style—

Fresh as the wilding-hedge-rose cup there slips
The dew-drop out of—

fantastic, brilliantly alive, but one shade unhealthy, and perhaps scarcely warranting the use of Mr. Browning's simile, the line and a half standing above. This taking of human character to pieces—safe only in the hands of very few psychologists—is well enough in novels where the artist may put up the puzzle again, or leave it broken to all ages, if he please. But taking a nation grown into an honourable empire to pieces, and leaving it incoherent and awry, is desperate work, and calculated to raise odd ideas. And so the "Old Home" will be looked upon with far different feelings from "The Scarlet Letter;" although, curiously enough, both begin at an almost similar place. Mr. Hawthorne describes his consular office at Liverpool instead of the Custom House at Salem. The experience of the new office is not pleasant; although, to a certain extent, the Consul has improved wonderfully by his contact with men and somewhat tangible things. He has had to manage an active part of the world. Day by day he is infested with crowds of ruffians—innocent ruffians—always complaining of the conduct of brutal American merchant captains. Luckily, he is fully able to explain that the American captains were usually models of philanthropy, whilst the ruffians were in no case American, but the scum of the earth, selected from England, &c. He always knew the difference from the pronunciation of the word "been," which the English invariably make to rhyme to "green," whilst the Northerners follow the practice of one Shakespeare (an American poet?), and call it "bin."

With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise.

In this preliminary chapter concerning the consulate Mr. Hawthorne talks much about the English, and about himself—strangely enough for so retiring a man. The key-note is Stowell, in an early page.

When our forefathers left the old home they pulled up many of the roots, but trailed along with them others, which were never swept asunder by the tug of such a lengthening distance, nor have been torn out of the original soil by the violence of subsequent struggles, nor severed by the edge of the sword. Even so late as these days, they remain entangled with our heart-strings, and might often have influenced our national cause like the tiller-ropes of a ship. If the rough gripe of England had been capable of managing so sensitive a kind of machinery. It has required nothing less than the boorishness, the stolidity, the self-sufficiency, the contemptuous jealousy, the half-crazed, invariably blind of one eye and often distorted of the other, that characterise this strange people, to compel us to be a great nation in our own right, instead of continuing virtually, if not in name, a province of their small island. What pains did they take to shake us off, and have ever since taken to keep us wide apart from them! It might seem their folly, but was really their fate, or, rather, the Providence of God, who has, doubtless, a work for us to do, in which the massive materiality of the English character would have been too ponderous a dead weight upon our progress.

Two or three selections, aphorisms, and descriptive opinions on the same subject will be enjoyed; they describe the whole book.

Nobody is so humane as John Bull; when his benevolent propensities are to be gratified by finding fault with his neighbour.

The following is an ingenious check pattern—white and black. Does it mean that either Americans or English are more honest than the other? and was anybody in the office worth a straw save Mr. Wilding, who, by-the-way, did succeed to the vice-consulship?

The principal clerk, Mr. Wilding, who has since succeeded to the vice-consulship, was a man of English integrity—not that the English are more honest than ourselves, but only there is a certain sturdy reliability common among them, which we do not quite so invariably manifest in just these subordinate positions—of English integrity, combined with American acuteness of intellect, quick-wittedness, and diversity of talent. It seemed an immense pity that he should wear out his life at a desk, without a step in advance from year's end to year's end, when, had it been his luck to be born on our side of the water, his bright faculties and clear probity would have insured him eminent success in whatever path he might adopt. Meanwhile, it would have been a sore mischance to me had any better fortune on his part deprived me of Mr. Wilding's services.

This lively book goes on to say that an American is not apt to love the English people, as a whole, on length of acquaintance. The latter have a "curious and inevitable infelicity," which compels them to keep up a "wholesome bitterness of feeling," but it is as "essential a tonic to them as their bitter ale." Whilst they pronounce the word "been," as it is spelt, they have a habit of vulgarising the language, and pronounce Beauchamp "Beocham." Did it ever strike Mr. Hawthorne, that his graceful friends, the French, have a knack of saying Angleterre and Londres, for England and London; that we say many foreign names with a similar distinction, just as all foreign nations do to each other? and that Beauchamp is a French name, just as is Blanchard and many more which do not necessarily fall into identical pronunciation, as do Romilly and Labouchere? The subject of names reminds us that somewhere he says, *à propos* of people scribbling their John-a-Noakes, or Jack-a-Styles, at every glorious shrine, "it is strange that people do not strive to forget their forlorn little identities in such situations, instead of thrusting them forward into the dazzle of great renown, where, if noticed, they cannot but be deemed impertinent." Right also is he in decrying the custom of the Marlboroughs, &c., in levying a kind of black mail, to the tune of half a sovereign, in looking over the Blenheim and Battle Abbeys. But he is wrong in saying that everywhere the traveller "need never hesitate at offering half-a-crown" when asking a question. In the way of mixing up character and anecdote Mr. Hawthorne gravely relates the following:—

Their poets and romancers feel it a toil, and almost a delusion, to extract poetic material out of what seems embodied poetry itself to an American. An Englishman cares nothing about the Tower, which to us is a haunted castle in dreamland. That honest and excellent gentleman, the late Mr. G. P. R. James (whose mechanical ability one might have supposed would nourish itself by devouring every old stone of such a structure), once assured me that he had never in his life set eyes upon the Tower, though for years an historic novelist in London.

To conclude the characteristics of Englishmen, here is a lively piece about the late Mr. Serjeant Wilkins—a more graceful sketch than usual:—

He ate with resolute appetite, and let slip few opportunities of imbibing whatever liquids happened to be passing by. I was meditating in what way this grisly-featured table-fellow might safely be accosted when he turned to me, with a surly sort of kindness, and invited me to take a glass of wine. We then began a conversation that abounded, on his part, with sturdy sense, and, somehow or other, brought me closer to him than I had yet stood to an Englishman. I should hardly have taken him to be an educated man—certainly not a scholar of accurate training—and yet he seemed to have all the resources of education and trained intellectual power at command. My fresh Americanism and watchful observation of English characteristics appeared either to interest or amuse him, or perhaps both. Under the mollifying influences of abundance of meat and drink he grew very gracious (not that I ought to use such a phrase to describe his evidently genuine good-will), and by-and-by expressed a wish for further acquaintance, asking me to call at his rooms in London and inquire for Serjeant Wilkins, throwing out the name

forcibly, as if he had no occasion to be ashamed of it. I remembered Dean Swift's retort to Serjeant Bettsworth on a similar announcement—"Of what regiment, pray, Sir?"

The ladies must now see themselves through an American glass, darkly:—

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that, though struggling manfully against the idea, you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, seldom positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breath and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for tramping down a foe. Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbours, she has the effect of a seventy-four-gun ship in time of peace.

I have seen a woman meet a man in the street and, for no reason perceptible to me, suddenly clutch him by the hair and cuff his ears—an infliction which he bore with exemplary patience, only snatching the very earliest opportunity to take to his heels. Where a sharp tongue will not serve the purpose they trust to the sharpness of their finger-nails, or incarnate a whole vocabulary of vituperative words in a resounding slap, or the downright blow of a doubled fist. All English people, I imagine, are influenced in a far greater degree than ourselves by this simple and honest tendency, in cases of disagreement, to batter one another's persons; and whoever has seen a crowd of English ladies (for instance, at the door of the Sistine Chapel in Holy Week) will be satisfied that their belligerent propensities are kept in abeyance only by a merciless rigour on the part of society. It requires a vast deal of refinement to spiritualise their large physical endowments.

Such are Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's views of English society after the experience of some years. Here, the intent has been to trace his ideas of society rather than to follow him through his wanderings. As an excursion companion he is excellent. He discourses most pleasantly of Warwickshire, and loses all his enthusiasm for Shakespeare after hunting up all the associations that Stratford can let loose. He sees only the portly gentleman who has made his money and "retired," and perhaps forgotten his plays. He visits Miss Bacon, who tried to prove that Lord Bacon was the Shakespeare and was killed by the critics, the visit being described with a vital interest, reminding the reader of the Hester Stanhope chapter in "Euthen." After Dr. Johnson, at Lichfield and Uttoxeter, his principal enthusiasm is for our various cathedrals; and these he seems to understand far better than he does men. But he is discriminating enough with regard to Burns, and affectionate withal:—

Beholding his poor, mean dwelling and its surroundings, and picturing his outward life and earthly manifestations from these, one does not so much wonder that the people of that day should have failed to recognise all that was admirable and immortal in a disreputable, drunken, shabbily-clothed, and shabbily-housed man, consorting with associates of damaged character, and, as his only ostensible occupation, gauging the whisky which he too often tasted. Siding with Burns, as we needs must, in his plea against the world, let us try to do the world a little justice too. It is far easier to know and honour a poet when his fame has taken shape in the spotlessness of marble, than when the actual man comes staggering before you, besmeared with the sordid stains of his daily life. For my part, I chiefly wonder that his recognition dawned so brightly while he was still living. There must have been something very grand in his immediate presence, some strangely-impressive characteristic in his natural behaviour, to have caused him to seem like a demigod so soon.

Of all the distinguished names of what may still be called the present day Mr. Hawthorne mentions only the late Mr. Leigh Hunt. This the initiated will soon find to be the soundest chapter in the volume. It is full of a warmth that would have gratified Hunt beyond expression, and of certain reminiscences very fresh and telling to those who had not the opportunity of meeting him in late years. It would have been as well not to have snubbed his poetry, however, which is very beautiful; and his translations of poetry might have been mentioned, which they are not. Nor is it advisable to speak of his American blood. Mr. Leigh Hunt was born at St. Kitts, and married a daughter of Benjamin West; but he can scarcely be considered an American for those reasons.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Hawthorne through our beautiful English counties, castles, cathedrals, &c. His general descriptions of our "institutions," public dinners, Lord Mayor's dinners, work-houses, Leicester charities, &c., are all skilfully drawn; but, as has been said, generally tainted with some piece of absurdity about fancied national characteristics. We have confined ourselves to the latter, as being the most entertaining flashes of two volumes full of beauties and blemishes, hopelessly intermingled, but having a charm which carries the reader irresistibly on. Unless impatience should set in, it will be found easy enough to separate the bilious husk from the pure golden corn which it ineffectually conceals. But it may be supposed that Mr. Hawthorne did not see enough. His description of London is limited to the Thames Tunnel and the slums of Wapping and Rotherhithe; and perhaps he only saw the East-end of society.

Becton's Dictionary of Universal Biography; being the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Times—with the Pronunciation of every Name. S. O. Becton.

This is the most complete and convenient of modern biographical dictionaries. Reviewing such a work is out of the question; but there is always room to say something of the manner in which a book of the kind is compiled, arranged, and got up. The biographical sketches contained in this volume say so much for the intelligence, taste, and industry of the editor, that one can't help thinking he ought to have a memoir all to himself. It must have been desperately hard work to get through such a dictionary, and an account of the editor's outer and inner life while he was going through with it would be edifying. The grammar-book says, we remember, "Virtue rewards its followers." All we hope is that biography does the same; and more substantially than the other party: for certainly this biographical dictionary does not yield, upon a large indiction, a very flattering proof of the gratitude of Virtue to her followers, from Abel downwards. We suspect a different result might be extracted from a "Biographical Dictionary of Persons of Good Digestion and Much Impudence." A notion, that, for an enterprising publisher.

SAMPLE POST.—A Treasury warrant has this week come into operation under the provisions of which all packets consisting of patterns or samples of merchandise, of no intrinsic value, may be transmitted by the post within the United Kingdom, at the following rates:—On every such packet, if not exceeding 4 oz. in weight, there shall be charged and taken one uniform rate of postage of 3d.; if exceeding 4 oz. and not exceeding 8 oz., 6d.; if exceeding 8 oz. and not exceeding 16 oz., 1s.; if exceeding 16 oz. and not exceeding 24 oz., 1s. 6d. No such packet shall exceed 24 oz. in weight, or more than 2 ft. in length, width or depth. There shall be no inclosure, sealed or otherwise closed against inspection, or any writing or printing, except the address of the person for whom it is intended, the address of the sender thereof, a trade mark, and number and price. All packets shall be sent in covers open at the ends, so as to be easy of examination. Nevertheless, samples of seeds, drugs, and such other articles and things as cannot be sent in open covers may be inclosed in bags of linen or of other material, which shall be tied at the neck; but bags so closed that they cannot be readily opened, even although they be transparent, shall not be used for that purpose. The postage shall, in every case, be paid in stamps; and, in order to prevent any obstacle to the due and regular transmission of letters by the post, any officer of the Post Office may delay the transmission of them for the space of twenty-four hours.

A GOOD REASON FOR KNOWING ENGLISH.—A rather curious incident occurred at Potsdam at the time of a visit made to that place by the members of the Statistical Congress which recently met at Berlin. Among the persons who were walking in the gardens of the palace of Sans-Souci was a Prussian officer, who entered into conversation with an English savant. The latter, after a time, could not avoid expressing his surprise at finding a Prussian officer speak English so well. The officer replied that there was nothing astonishing in that fact, as his wife and his mother-in-law were both English. "Might I venture to inquire the name of your mother-in-law?" said the English savant. "Queen Victoria," replied the officer, who was no other than the Prince Royal of Prussia.

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 of British and Foreign Manufacture, perfectly new, and the highest quality of fashion, from 25s. 6d. to 3 guineas the extra Full Dress.
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 Beau's Best Paris Kid, 3s. 14d. per pair (free for 27 stamps), in all sizes and colours, every pair warranted.
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THE Public is respectfully informed that the business portion of these New Patents will be complete for opening on MONDAY, OCTOBER 5.
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 Bonnets, Millinery, Ladies' Outfitting, Baby-linen, &c.
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 "The Sommer Tuckey is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."
 "A combination as simple as it is ingenious."
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CRINOLINE.—THE PATENT ONDINA,
 or Waxed Jupon, does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops; and so perfect are the wavy bands that a Lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself in an arm chair, pass to her stall at the opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking rude remarks from the observers; thus modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of English women; and, lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds. Price 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., and 20s. 6d. Illustrations free.—E. PHILPOT, 37, Piccadilly, W.

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 1 guinea Full Dress, 12 yards.
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 21s. 6d., 14 yards, wide width.
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